











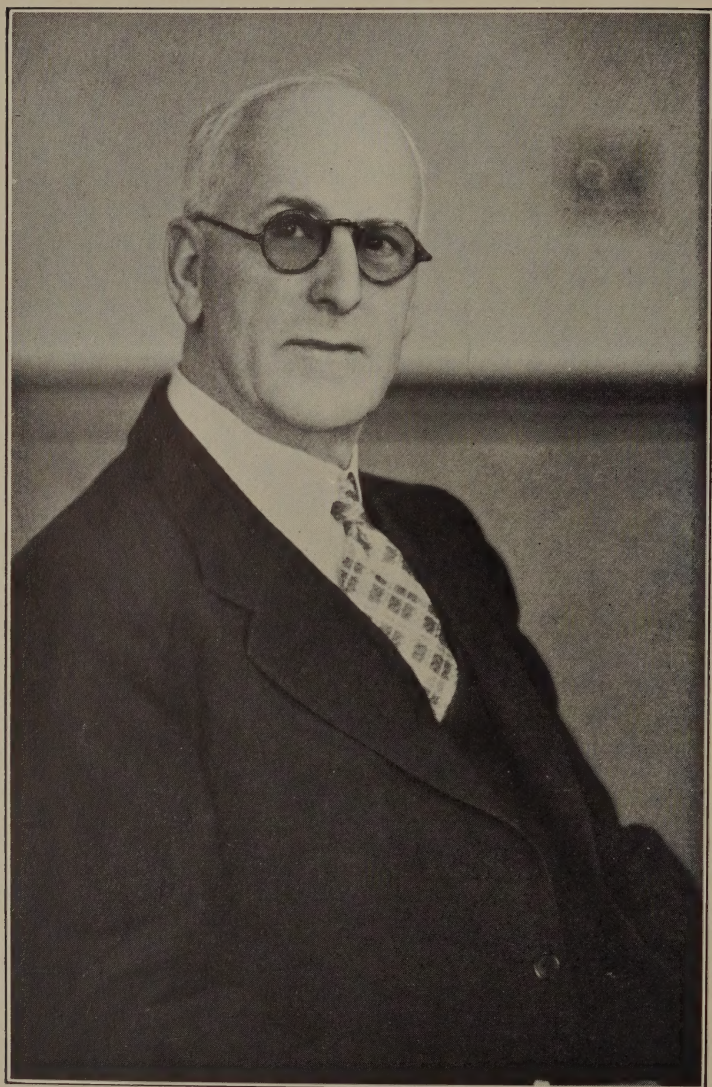


*Boston Public Latin School*  
*Tercentenary*









*Joseph Lawrence Powers*



PROCEEDINGS  
AND ADDRESSES  
*of the*  
*Boston Latin School*  
*Tercentenary*

1635-1935



COMPILED AND EDITED BY  
LEE J. DUNN

BOSTON  
BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

1937

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

BOSTON  
THE BEST PRINTERS  
1937



¶ *All the other institutions which the colonists of Massachusetts Bay set up in the early days, such as their magistracies, their Great and General Court, the Congregational Church their establishment of religion, and Harvard College their school for ministers, have either disappeared or undergone the most profound changes. This School has increased in size; but its plans, purpose, and quality remain the same.*

—DR. CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, '49  
(at the 275th Anniversary Dinner  
of the Boston Latin School)





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(COURTESY BOSTON GLOBE)





## Foreword

1

¶ *It is good to be born at sunrise. It is good for a man or an institution to date its life from the days when an order of things, which is to exist for a long time in the world, is in the freshness of its youth.*

(PHILLIPS BROOKS, '51,  
*at the 250th Anniversary Dinner.*)

The Latin School has reaped many harvests from the seeds sown in early colonial days, and the end is not yet in sight. Now opens the fourth century of its existence and service.

This record of the Tercentenary Celebration does not attempt to capture the spirit of the occasion — for *pietas* defies translation. The volume is primarily a statement of what occurred, for the information of those who will come after us. But it does show something of the glory of the past; and it does leave with the School's future sons her hopes for them—of loyal service and high achievement—*ad multos annos*.





## TERCENTENARY COMMITTEE

†

PATRICK T. CAMPBELL, '89, *Chairman*

GEORGE G. S. PERKINS, '77

THOMAS A. MULLEN, '80

CARL DREYFUS, '91

DAVID D. SCANNELL, '93

JOSEPH L. POWERS, '96

ROBERT M. GREEN, '98

JOSEPH A. F. O'NEIL, '99

LEROY M. S. MINER, '01

EDWIN T. WITHERBY, '04

EDWARD V. HICKEY, '06

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, '08

MALCOLM J. LOGAN, '11

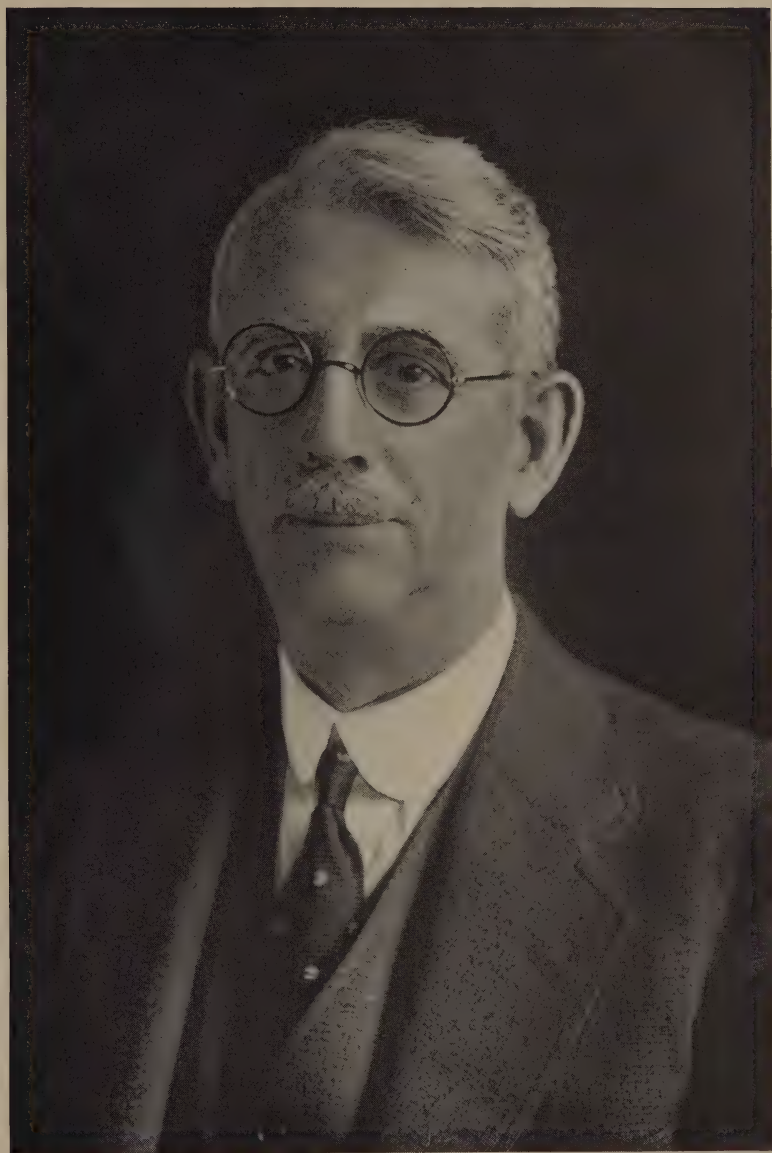
SAMUEL SILVERMAN, '11

SIDNEY RABINOVITZ, '16

LEE J. DUNN, '24, *Secretary*

THOMAS W. DUNN, '27





*Doctor Patrick Thomas Campbell*







# TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION

*April 22-23*

1935

1



1635



1935

PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL  
OF BOSTON

AT A GENERAL MEETING OF THE TOWN  
APRIL 13(10S) 1635

PHILEMON PORMORT  
WAS ENTREATED TO BECOME SCHOOLMASTER  
FOR THE TEACHING AND NURTURING  
OF CHILDREN WITH US  
FROM THE SEED PLANTED HERE THE WHOLE  
AMERICAN SYSTEM OF FREE EDUCATION GREW  
EARLIER SCHOOLHOUSES SCHOOL STREET 1645-1844  
BEDFORD STREET 1844-1881  
WARREN AVENUE 1881-1922  
AND ON THIS SITE SINCE 1922

PRINCIPIUM SAPIENTIAE POSSIDE SAPIENTIAM.  
ET IN OMNI POSSESSIONE TUA ACQUIRE PRUDENTIAM.  
PROVERBS IV 7

PLACED HERE ON THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY  
APRIL 25 1935 BY THE CITY OF BOSTON

*Tercentenary Tablet*





# PROGRAM

1

*Monday, April 22*

- I EXERCISES IN THE SCHOOL YARD — 1 P.M.
- 1 Unveiling of Tercentenary Tablet
  - 2 Gymnastic Exhibition
  - 3 Review of School Regiments

- II PAGEANT — 2 P.M.
- School Hall, Avenue Louis Pasteur

- III INDIVIDUAL CLASS CELEBRATIONS
- In the evening  
[Consult Your Class Secretary]

*Tuesday, April 23*

- IV TERCENTENARY EXERCISES — 2 P.M.
- Symphony Hall

- V ALUMNI BANQUET — 6.30 P.M.
- Copley-Plaza Hotel  
[Alumni only]

1

Tickets are required  
for admission to all exercises

*These may be secured from*

LEE J. DUNN  
Boston Latin School

1

(Copy of General Program)



BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL  
FOUNDED 1635

1

HISTORICAL SKETCH  
AND  
LIST OF EMINENT LATIN  
SCHOOL MEN



PREPARED BY  
JOSEPH L. POWERS  
LEE J. DUNN

BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL  
1935





BRIEF HISTORY  
OF THE  
BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

1

THE oldest public school in America, with a continuous existence, is the Boston Public Latin School. This school year the School celebrates the tercentenary of its founding. It was founded April 23, 1635,\* by the Town of Boston, and antedates Harvard College by more than a year.

The project was due in great measure to the influence of the Reverend John Cotton, who sought to establish in the new world a school like the Free Grammar School of Boston, England, in which Latin and Greek were taught.

The first school was in the home of the Master, Philemon Pormort.

In August, 1636, Daniel Maude† was chosen to assist him. When, in 1638, Pormort was obliged to leave Boston because of his adherence to the liberal doctrines of Anne Hutchinson, Maude became Master. He conducted the school in his own home till about 1643. From the first years the town assigned the rents of Deer, Long, and Spectacle Islands to the support of the school; in addition it was voted, in August 1645, "to allow forever fifty pounds to the Master, and an house, and thirty pounds to an usher".

---

\* "On the 13th of the second month, 1635, . . . Att a Generall meeting upon publique notice . . . it was . . . generally agreed upon that our brother Mr. Philemon Pormort shall be intreated to become scholemaster for the teaching and nourtering of children with us."—Town Records.

† A tablet has been erected by the City of Boston marking the site of Maude's home in Pemberton Square.

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

Of Maude's successor, John Woodbridge, little is known, except that he is supposed to have been the first minister at Andover and that he remained in office for approximately one year.

In 1650, Robert Woodmansey became the schoolmaster with the salary of "fifty pounds a year". He was followed by the famous colonial poet and physician, Benjamin Thompson, in 1667.

On December 29, 1670, the celebrated Ezekiel Cheever was invited to become Head Master, and Thompson was asked to remain as his Assistant. Cheever accepted, but Thompson left to take Cheever's former position in Charlestown. Cheever was fifty-six years old when he accepted the position. He died while in office, on August 21, 1708. Cotton Mather, the renowned divine, preached the funeral oration, in which he said, "We generally concur in acknowledging that New England has never known a better teacher". Cheever's reputation was great throughout the colonies, for he had written the famous "Accidence", which was the accepted Latin Grammar.

Nathaniel Williams, the first pupil to become Head Master, succeeded Cheever in 1708. In 1709 the master's salary was raised to one hundred pounds a year and the usher was still supplied at the town's expense.

In 1734 Williams resigned and John Lovell, his assistant, was appointed to the vacancy; to become "the pride of Boston's parents and the terror of its youth".

In 1760 James Lovell, the Head Master's son, was appointed usher. He was an ardent patriot, whereas his father was a strong loyalist. They taught from desks at opposite ends of the school-room; and, voicing opposite political convictions, they typified many a Boston family in those trying times.

In the winter of 1774-75 the boys of the Latin School were accustomed to bring their sleds and, as soon as school

## HISTORICAL SKETCH

was done, to coast down Beacon Street, across Tremont, and down School Street. General Haldimand\*, commanding the British troops under General Gage, lived on School Street, and his servant cut up the coast and put ashes on it. "The lads made a muster"—probably of the first class—"and chose a committee to wait upon the General, who admitted them, and heard their complaint, which was couched in very genteel terms, complaining that their fathers before 'em had improved it as a coast from time immemorial," etc. He ordered his servant to repair the damage, saying that he had trouble enough with Boston men, and wouldn't have any with Boston boys. He "acquainted the Governor with the affair, who observed that it was impossible to beat the notion of Liberty out of the people, as it was rooted in 'em FROM THEIR CHILDHOOD."†

On the morning of April 19, 1775, occurred one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the school, when John Lovell angrily announced, "War's begun and school's done; *deponite libros*." When the British evacuated Boston, in March 1776, both the Lovells sailed with Lord Howe to Halifax, N. S.; the father as Howe's guest, the son as his prisoner. Shortly afterwards James was exchanged and later became a delegate to the Continental Congress. John Lovell died at Halifax, in 1778.

For admission to the school, during Lovell's regime, it was necessary to read a few verses from the Bible. Each of the six or seven classes of the school sat at different benches. The subjects studied were Latin and Greek and "the elementary subjects". The morning session of the school started at seven o'clock in summer and eight in the winter, and ended at eleven. School resumed at one o'clock in

---

\* A tablet was placed on the site of General Haldimand's house in July, 1907.

† Letter of John Andrews to William Barrell, January 29, 1775.



the afternoon and ran until five. After either the eleven o'clock hour or the five o'clock hour, or after both, the pupils attended a writing school nearby.

On Thursdays the School was dismissed at ten o'clock, in order that the pupils might have the opportunity of attending the "Thursday Lecture" — another heritage from Boston, England.

School was resumed under Samuel Hunt, who ruled—with some difficulty—till 1805. He was succeeded by William Biglow, who after nine years of still rougher going, also resigned.

Benjamin Apthorp Gould, appointed Head Master in 1814 while still a senior at Harvard, restored order and scholarship to the School. Many features of the Latin School of to-day—amongst them the "misdemeanor mark"—had their beginnings under Gould. He began the practice of declamation, which still continues. He made the beginnings of a library. He issued regular reports of scholarship to the parents and placed squarely on the latter the responsibility for the pupils' conduct.

Gould resigned in 1828 to enter business, and was succeeded by his assistant, Frederic Percival Leverett, the author of the famous Leverett's Latin Lexicon. Leverett resigned in 1831 to become head of a private school.

Leverett's successor, Charles Knapp Dillaway, was in office until 1836, when ill health obliged him to resign.

Epes Sargent Dixwell, who succeeded Dillaway, had been a Master at the English High School. The School owes much to Dixwell, for during his term of fifteen years he founded The Boston Latin School Association and made the school library a reality. While Dixwell was Head Master, Edward Everett Hale became an usher (1839) and continued in the office for three years. Dixwell resigned in 1851.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH

Francis Gardner, one of the most renowned men of Boston in the middle nineteenth century, was his successor. He edited the famous series of Latin School Textbooks. A rugged, forthright character, he made both friends and enemies. During the last six years of his headmastership, an absurdly ambitious curriculum was imposed on the School, aiming at "general culture". He opposed this vigorously but unsuccessfully. An estimate of Gardner can be obtained from these words of Wendell Phillips, his classmate: "He was, from mere boyhood and life long, eminently a just man, only claiming fair play, and more than willing to allow it to others. I never knew the time, even in his boyhood, when he did not detest or despise a sham." He died in 1876, the first Head Master to die in office since Ezekiel Cheever. It was during his headmastership that Phillips Brooks served for a year as usher in the School.

Augustine Milton Gay was chosen his successor; but he lived only a few months after his appointment.

Dr. Moses Merrill was appointed Gay's successor and continued in office until 1901. He died shortly after. His contribution to the School was the reorganization of the curriculum on a sane, modern basis. There have been few changes since that time. During his lifetime he was looked up to as a man of high character and strong moral influence.

Arthur Irving Fiske became Head Master in 1902. One of the ablest scholars in these parts, especially in Greek, he was loved and respected by his pupils. He ruled without friction. He was at all times courteous, the perfect type of scholar and gentleman. He resigned in 1910 and died the same year.

Henry Pennypacker was selected as his successor. Mr. Pennypacker brought to the office of Head Master, not

only the mind of the scholar, but the rugged personality of the athlete. By those who came in contact with Henry Pennypacker, he was recognized as a man's man. He resigned in 1920 to become Chairman of the Committee on Admission at Harvard. His work there made him a figure of national importance, until his death early in 1934.

Patrick Thomas Campbell '89, the first graduate of the Latin School to sit in the Head Master's chair since the death of Dr. Gardner, succeeded Mr. Pennypacker in 1920. His kind and firm rule won the respect and love of all the boys who came in contact with him. During his consulship the school doubled in number and yet, by winning for four years in succession, 1925-1928, the highest average in the examinations for admission to College, secured permanent possession of the trophy offered by the Harvard chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. In 1929 Mr. Campbell was chosen Assistant Superintendent of School and in 1931 was elected Superintendent of the Boston public schools, a position which he still holds.\*

Joseph Lawrence Powers, the present Head Master, a Master in the school for twenty-three years, was appointed Mr. Campbell's successor in 1929.

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, these had been pupils of this school:—

John Hancock, Massachusetts.

Samuel Adams, Massachusetts.

Benjamin Franklin, Pennsylvania.

Robert Treat Paine, Massachusetts.

William Hooper, North Carolina.

The Latin School boys who served in the Civil War are commemorated by Greenough's† statue in the lower corridor, representing Alma Mater crowning her heroes.

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\* Dr. Campbell died February 12, 1937.

† Class of 1829.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH

Those who died in the war are named on a shield which she is holding; those who returned are named on two marble tablets near by. A bronze tablet and portraits in the Hall and corridors still further honor some of these men.

Latin School's service in the World War is memorialized by a bronze tablet on either side of the main corridor. The tablet on the right has inscribed upon it the names of those Latin School boys who died in service. The tablet on the left is in honor of the four hundred and eighty alumni and undergraduates who enlisted in the army or the navy.

Portraits of Lieutenant Warren Eastman Robinson, Junior Master in the Latin School, and of many Latin School boys who served and died in the World War, are in the lower corridor.

In the Library, there is a de luxe edition of a book containing the names of all those Latin School boys who participated in the World War.

The portraits of the following Head Masters, the property of the Boston Latin School Association, are in the Assembly Hall of the School:

John Lovell: a copy of one by Smibert (the original of which is now in Memorial Hall, Harvard University).

Benjamin A. Gould: by Albert G. Hoit.

Charles K. Dillaway: by J. H. Young.

Epes S. Dixwell: by H. O. Walker.

Francis Gardner: by Wm. Morris Hunt.

Augustine M. Gay: by William I. Taylor.

Moses Merrill: by Frank H. Tompkins.

Arthur I. Fiske: by Wilton Lockwood.

Henry Pennypacker: by W. W. Churchill.

Patrick T. Campbell: by H. E. Smith.

Joseph L. Powers: by C. B. Moulton.



## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

A portrait of Charles J. Capen, a graduate of the School in 1840, and a teacher here from 1852 to 1910, is in the Library.

Tablets in the lower corridor and the Assembly Hall commemorate the lives of Ezekiel Cheever and of Moses Merrill.

The school has a carefully selected LIBRARY of about five thousand five hundred volumes, all belonging to the Latin School Association, except about one thousand volumes, which were purchased by the city. In the room of the library are a number of large cork models of classic buildings, also busts and other sculptures, and plaster casts of ancient temples, together with pictures of classic monuments, portraits of distinguished graduates, and other pictures. There is, also, an interesting collection of relics and memorials of the old school. Room 301 has casts from the antique, the gifts of various classes. Room 201 has casts, pictures, etc., illustrating American History. It was fitted up by a graduate of the Latin School as a memorial to John W. Randall, a descendant of Samuel Adams.

Among the many efficient Head Masters of the Latin School these are worthy of note as having had a remarkably long connection with the school:—

Ezekiel Cheever . . . . .	1671-1708
John Lovell . . . . .	1730-1776
Francis Gardner . . . . .	1831-1876
Moses Merrill . . . . .	1858-1901
Arthur Irving Fiske . . . . .	1873-1910
Henry Pennypacker . . . . .	1891-1920
Patrick Thomas Campbell . . . . .	1897-1929
Joseph Lawrence Powers . . . . .	1906-

# A PARTIAL LIST OF EMINENT LATIN SCHOOL MEN

<i>Name</i>	<i>Date Entered</i>
JOHN HULL, <i>Mint Master</i> . . . . .	1635
JOHN LEVERETT, <i>Gov. of the Province of Mass. Bay</i> . . .	1635
WILLIAM STOUGHTON, <i>Lt. Gov. of the Province of Mass. Bay</i> . . . . .	1640
ELISHA HUTCHINSON, <i>Chief Justice of Court of Common Pleas</i> . . . . .	1648
*JOHN LEVERETT, <i>President of Harvard College 1707-1724</i> .	1669
*COTTON MATHER, <i>Minister</i> . . . . .	1669
BENJAMIN LYNDE, <i>Chief Justice, Mass.</i> . . . .	1680
SAMUEL MATHER, <i>Minister of Witney, England</i> . . . .	1681
JONATHAN BELCHER, <i>Gov. of Mass., New Hampshire, and New Jersey</i> . . . . .	1689
SAMUEL MATHER, <i>Minister</i> . . . . .	1712
*BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, <i>Signer, Declaration of Independence; Minister to France</i> . . . . .	1714
THOMAS HUTCHINSON, <i>Gov. of the Province of Mass. Bay</i> .	1716
*SAMUEL ADAMS, <i>Signer, Declaration of Independence; Gov. of Mass. and Delegate to American Congress</i> .	1729
*SAMUEL LANGDON, <i>President of Harvard College 1774-1780</i> . . . . .	1729
*JAMES BOWDOIN, <i>Pres. Mass. Const. Conv. and Gov. of Mass.</i> . . . . .	1734
*ROBERT TREAT PAINE, <i>Signer, Declaration of Independence</i> . . . . .	1738
*JAMES LOVELL, <i>Patriot—Usher in Latin School</i> . . . .	1744
*JOHN HANCOCK, <i>Signer, Declaration of Independence, Pres. of Continental Con.</i> . . . .	1745
NATHANIEL GORHAM, <i>President of Congress</i> . . . .	1746
*WILLIAM HOOPER, <i>Signer, Declaration of Independence, Member Continental Con.</i> . . . .	1749

# BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

<i>Name</i>	<i>Date Entered</i>
JONATHAN JACKSON, <i>Member Continental Con.</i> . . . .	1750
FRANCIS DANA, <i>Minister to Russia—Chief Justice, Massachusetts</i> . . . . .	1751
JOSIAH QUINCY, <i>Patriot—Defender of Capt. Preston at Boston Massacre</i> . . . . .	1754
SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL, <i>Loyalist—Founder Bible Society</i>	1755
*HENRY KNOX, <i>Sec. of War under Washington—Brig. General, Continental Army</i> . . . . .	1758
WILLIAM TUDOR, <i>Judge Advocate Gen. and Sec. of State</i> .	1758
WINTHROP SARGENT, <i>Gov. of Territory of Mississippi</i> .	1759
JAMES BOWDOIN, <i>Benefactor, Bowdoin College</i> . . . .	1760
WILLIAM EUSTIS, <i>Sec. of War; Minister to Holland, Governor of Massachusetts</i> . . . . .	1761
WILLIAM DUMMER POWELL, <i>Chief Justice Canada</i> . . .	1762
JONATHAN MASON, <i>Senator, Massachusetts</i> . . . . .	1763
ALFRED MOORE, <i>Justice, U. S. Supreme Court</i> . . . .	1763
*CHRISTOPHER GORE, <i>U. S. Senator; Gov. of Massachusetts</i>	1765
SAMUEL SEWALL, <i>Chief Justice, Mass.; Member of Congress</i>	1765
ROYAL TYLER, <i>Chief Justice, Vermont</i> . . . . .	1765
ISAAC COFFIN, <i>Admiral, British Navy</i> . . . . .	1766
THOMAS DAWES, <i>Judge, Member State Convention</i> . .	1766
JAMES FREEMAN, <i>Minister, King's Chapel</i> . . . . .	1766
CHARLES BULFINCH, <i>Architect: Boston State House and Capitol at Washington</i> . . . . .	1770
HARRISON GRAY OTIS, <i>U. S. Senator and Rep. in Congress</i> .	1773
ISAAC PARKER, <i>Chief Justice Mass. Supreme Judicial Court</i>	1777
THOMAS W. THOMPSON, <i>U. S. Senator</i> . . . . .	1779
CHARLES JACKSON, <i>Judge, Supreme Judicial Court</i> . .	1784
JAMES JACKSON, <i>Hersey Professor, Harvard; Pres. Amer. Academy of Arts and Sciences</i> . . . . .	1784
DR. JOHN COLLINS WARREN, <i>Pres., Mass. Medical Society</i> .	1786
*EDWARD EVERETT, <i>President of Harvard University; Minister to Great Britain; Governor of Massachusetts</i> .	1805
THOMAS BULFINCH, <i>Author</i> . . . . .	1805
GEORGE HAYWARD, <i>Pres. Medical Society of Massachusetts</i>	1805

# HISTORICAL SKETCH

<i>Name</i>	<i>Date Entered</i>
GEORGE EUSTIS, <i>Chief Justice, Louisiana</i> . . . .	1806
SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT, <i>Mayor of Boston</i> . . . .	1809
*RALPH WALDO EMERSON, <i>Philosopher, essayist, and poet</i> .	1812
EDWARD GREELY LORING, <i>Judge</i> . . . . .	1812
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, <i>Minister to England, Member of Congress, Pres. Amer. Academy of Arts and Sciences</i>	1817
GEORGE GOLDTHWAITE, <i>Senator, Alabama</i> . . . .	1818
*SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, <i>Author of "America"</i> . . . .	1820
GEORGE TYLER BIGELOW, <i>Chief Justice Supreme Court, Mass.</i> . . . . .	1820
DR. JONATHAN MASON WARREN, <i>Noted physician</i> . . .	1820
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, <i>Minister, Church of Disciples: Author</i> . . . . .	1821
*CHARLES SUMNER, <i>U. S. Senator</i> . . . . .	1821
ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP, <i>Speaker, House of Rep.; Senator; Pres. Mass. Historical Society</i> . . . .	1821
FRANCIS GARDNER, <i>Author; Head Master Latin School</i> .	1822
NATHANIEL BRADSTREET SHURTLEFF, <i>Physician; Mayor</i> .	1822
*WENDELL PHILLIPS, <i>Orator and Anti-Slavery leader</i> . .	1822
GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD, <i>U. S. District Attorney</i> . .	1822
GEORGE EDWARD ELLIS, <i>Pres. Mass. Historical Society</i> . .	1824
*JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, <i>U. S. Minister to Austria and England; Historian</i> . . . . .	1824
*JOHN BERNARD FITZPATRICK, <i>Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston</i> . . . . .	1826
*HENRY WARD BEECHER, <i>Minister; abolitionist</i> . . . .	1826
FREDERIC OCTAVIUS PRINCE, <i>Mayor of Boston</i> . . . .	1827
*WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, <i>Sec. of State; Attorney-Gen. U. S.</i> . . . . .	1828
*CHARLES DEVENS, <i>Judge; Attorney-Gen. U. S.; General, U. S. Army</i> . . . . .	1829
RICHARD SALTONSTALL GREENOUGH, <i>Sculptor</i> . . . .	1829
*EDWARD EVERETT HALE, <i>Minister of So. Cong. Church; Orator; Usher in the School</i> . . . . .	1831
THOMAS RUGGLES PYNCHON, <i>President Trinity College</i> .	1832



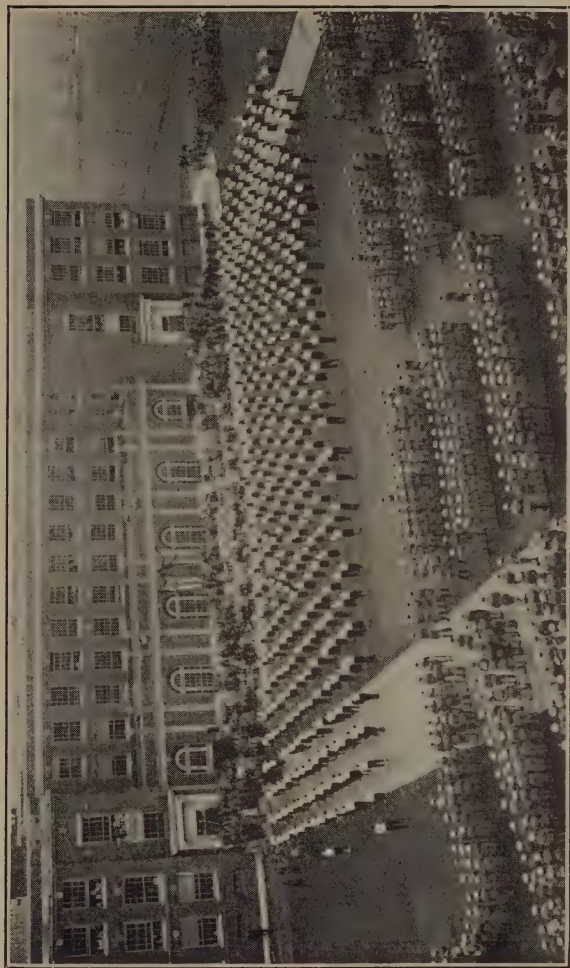
# BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

<i>Name</i>	<i>Date Entered</i>
CHARLES KEATING TUCKERMAN, <i>U. S. Minister to Greece</i> .	1834
BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD, <i>Astronomer</i> . . . .	1835
*FRANCIS JAMES CHILD, <i>Author; Orator</i> . . . .	1840
FREEMAN JOSIAH BUMSTEAD, <i>Famous physician</i> . . . .	1841
*CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, <i>Educator; President of Harvard University</i> . . . . .	1844
*SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY, <i>Physicist; Pioneer in Aviation</i>	1845
JUSTIN WINSOR, <i>Historian, Librarian</i> . . . . .	1845
*PHILLIPS BROOKS, <i>Orator; Episcopal Bishop of Boston</i> .	1846
*HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, <i>Banker; "Boston's First Citizen"</i>	1846
DARIUS COBB, <i>Artist</i> . . . . .	1849
HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER, <i>Author, Editor</i> . . . .	1853
*EDWARD CHARLES PICKERING, <i>Astronomer</i> . . . .	1857
*MARTIN MILMORE, <i>Sculptor</i> . . . . .	1859
*MATTHEW HARKINS, <i>Roman Catholic Bishop of Prov.</i> .	1859

(No living person is on the list)

\* Names indicated thus are on the walls of the Assembly Hall of the School.





*Exercises in Yard of School*



## THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS

### 1

As mentioned above, the first schools were held in the homes of the Masters. About 1645 the first schoolhouse, as such, was erected on the north side of School Street,\* on the rear of the site now occupied by King's Chapel. Very little is known about the building, but from colonial records it is believed to have been of two stories. The school-master had his home in the same building until 1702, when a separate house was built for Head Master Cheever.

In 1704 the schoolhouse was rebuilt. It stood at about the present location of the statue of Benjamin Franklin.† This building was used until 1748 when, due to an addition to King's Chapel, it had to be removed. A new schoolhouse was built on the south side of School Street, about where the end of the Parker House now stands. This building was repaired in 1785, and during the repairs Head Master Hunt taught the school in Faneuil Hall.

In 1812 a new building of three stories was constructed on the site of its predecessor. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was in the school at that time, tells us that during the rebuilding period school was held in a barn near Haymarket Square, and afterwards in Scollay's building on Pemberton Hill.\*\*

Due to the rapid expansion of the city it was necessary to tear down the schoolhouse in 1844 to make room for the Horticultural House. At this time the school left the

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\* Originally "the street going up to elder James Penn's"; later the street was "South-Latin-Grammar-School Street," shortened into "School Street."

† A tablet marking the site is located on the fence in front of City Hall.

\*\* A tablet marking the site of the 1748-1844 buildings is located on the School Street wall of the Parker House.

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

street to which it had given the name of "School Street", its home for two hundred years. The new schoolhouse was erected on Bedford Street, now the extension of Harrison Avenue. The school occupied one-half of this building, and the English High School the other half. In 1880 the growing numbers necessitated a new building, and accordingly, in 1881, the school was removed to Warren Avenue. English High School was still a neighbor, occupying the Montgomery Street side of the double building. This combined building was spoken of as "the largest structure in America devoted to educational purposes, and the largest in the world used as a 'free school'."

After the World War the school building was found to be too small to accommodate the growth of both schools. In 1920 a new building was started on Avenue Louis Pasteur, in the Fenway, and the Latin School entered it in the fall of 1922, leaving English High School in possession of the old building.

The new building, of modern fireproof construction, proved inadequate for the School the very first year, and six extra classrooms were added at once. Even this addition proved insufficient, and for seven years the lower classes had to be housed in several annexes. In 1932-1933 the building was extended to about double its original size, and in the fall of 1933 the entire school was organized under one roof.

1635-1935

Boston Public Latin School



Exercises at the Unveiling  
of the  
Tercentenary Tablet

April 22, 1935



## ORDER OF EXERCISES

1

- I. SALUTE TO THE COLORS  
THE LATIN SCHOOL REGIMENTS
- II. EXHIBITION DRILL  
5TH COMPANY, 1ST REGIMENT  
Cadet Captain LEO HENRY LEARY
- III. CHORUS: THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS  
Sung by the Entire School  
Accompanied by the School Concert Band, under the  
direction of Mr. FORTUNATO SORDILLO
- IV. UNVEILING OF THE TERCENTENARY TABLET  
JOSEPH JAMES HURLEY, CLASS V  
CHRISTOPHER FRANCIS KENNEDY, CLASS VI
- V. GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION  
CLASSES V AND VI  
Directed by Mr. STEPHEN PATTEN
- VI. PRESENTATION OF THE TABLET  
WILFRED FREDERICK KELLEY, '11  
*For the Commission on Marking Historical Sites*
- VII. ACCEPTANCE OF THE TABLET  
JOSEPH LAWRENCE POWERS, '96  
*Head Master*
- VIII. ADDRESS  
HIS HONOR FREDERICK WILLIAM MANSFIELD  
*Mayor of Boston, represented by Henry Foley, Esq.*
- IX. THE NATIONAL ANTHEM  
The Latin School Band

X. REVIEW OF THE LATIN SCHOOL REGIMENTS

CADET CAPTAIN WILLIAM LIGUORI NOLAN, *Commanding*,  
COLONEL GEORGE SAMUEL PENNEY, *Military Instructor*,

Tendered to

The Mayor, the Superintendent of Schools, the Head  
Master, and the Tercentenary Committees.

1

CITY OF BOSTON COMMISSION ON MARKING HISTORICAL SITES

JUDGE THOMAS H. DOWD, *Chairman*

JUDGE FRANK LEVERONI, *Secretary*

JOSEPH A. F. O'NEIL, '99

WILFRED F. KELLEY, '11

B. L. S. MEMORIALS COMMITTEE

JOSEPH A. F. O'NEIL, '99, *Chairman*

THOMAS A. MULLEN, '80

WILFRED F. KELLEY, '11

WILLIAM W. DRUMMEY, '12

B. L. S. RECORDS COMMITTEE

GEORGE G. S. PERKINS, '77, *Chairman*

THOMAS A. MULLEN, '80

JOSEPH L. POWERS, '96

LEE J. DUNN, '24

1

THE TERCENTENARY TABLET WAS

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY

MR. JOHN F. PARAMINO

(Copy of Program)



*Address by*  
*Wilfred F. Kelley*

*Member of Commission for the Marking of Historical Sites*

Mr. Chairman, Honored Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Latin School boys:

The history of the United States could not be written without the history of Boston. Her sons have been leaders in the founding and development of our Republic.

To preserve and mark for posterity the sites of many historic shrines here in Boston, His Excellency, Governor James M. Curley, created in 1924 when Mayor of Boston, a Commission known as the "Commission for the Marking of Historical Sites." The Chairman of this Commission, Honorable Thomas H. Dowd, is looking forward in the near future to the publication of the achievements of this Commission which will contain the pictures and stories of more than 60 tablets commemorating events and historical shrines with which every Boston boy and girl should be familiar. This important work has been made possible through the generosity of the city and the research work of the members of the Commission.

We are assembled here today to commemorate the 300th Anniversary of the founding of the Boston Latin School. Although the early Puritans had scarcely time to settle, they, realizing the importance of training the youth, established here in Boston the first public school in the colonies. For ten years pupils met in the homes of the schoolmasters, Philemon Pormort and Daniel Maude. The site of Maude's house has been marked by the Commission with a tablet on the building at the corner of Pemberton Square and Tremont Street. Some years ago

the city erected a tablet on the north side of School Street to mark the sites of the school from 1645 to 1748.

Today the Commission has erected three bronze tablets to mark the sites of the school on the south side of School Street, on Bedford Street, and on Warren Avenue.

The tablet which has just been unveiled was suggested by the Latin School Memorial Committee consisting of Thomas A. Mullen, '80, Joseph A. F. O'Neil, '99, Wilfred F. Kelley, '11 and William W. Drummey, '12. It received the approval of the Historical Sites Commission and His Honor, Mayor Frederick W. Mansfield. Credit is also due to the sculptor, John F. Paramino.

The members of the Commission realized that the founding of this school meant the beginning of free public education in America. From a few students in 1635 we have today more than 6,000,000 young Americans in 26,000 public and private high schools.

A. Lawrence Lowell, when President of Harvard University, stated that "the primary function of the Boston Latin School from 1635 to this day has been to prepare boys for higher education, and excellently has it done so for three centuries." Splendid evidence of the truth of this statement is shown by the award to this school in 1932 of the Phi Beta Kappa trophy by the Harvard Chapter of that society for the highest marks received by Latin School boys in the College Board Entrance Examinations over a period of seven years. Forty per cent of the Latin School boys entering Harvard last September received honor marks in their examinations. This was the highest percentage of honors ever attained by any Latin School class in the history of the school. Not only have Latin School boys entered college with honors, but the training they have received here has been responsible for their being on the Deans' lists in various colleges



year after year. This outstanding record bespeaks the merit of the leadership of the present Head Master, Joseph L. Powers, and of his predecessors — notably one here on the platform, Patrick T. Campbell, Superintendent of Schools. It is a record which must bring deep satisfaction to the teachers of the school. I know from nine years' experience here as a teacher what a challenge it is to prepare some pupils to pass college entrance examinations.

We hope that the history of the school as inscribed on this tablet will inspire the pupils with the rich traditions of their venerable Alma Mater. We fervently pray that her graduates will continue to bring honor to her name by their work for God and country.

May the citizens of Boston in the years to come be as faithful to the cause of education as our early fathers, who, in "a wilderness of wants", had the vision and the courage to found this school three centuries ago.

At this time it is my pleasant duty as a member of the Historical Sites Commission to turn over to the representative of His Honor, the Mayor, Corporation Counsel Henry E. Foley, this beautiful tercentenary tablet.

Mr. Henry Foley, Corporation Counsel for the City of Boston, represented Mayor Mansfield. He accepted the tablet on behalf of the City, and then presented it to Head Master Joseph Lawrence Powers.

Mr. Powers pointed out that the significance of the tablet does not come from its design and execution, but from its meaning. He continued, "The doors to free education were opened by the founding of the Latin School, and a torch was ignited. Without the gleam of its light this government of the people could not have endured. We must guard that light with zealous care or

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

the day will come when this government of the people will have its site, too, marked by some form of memorial tablet."

The Latin School regiments then gave a review, tendered to the Tercentenary Committee and the distinguished guests.

# Tercentenary Pageant



PRESENTED  
BY THE  
FACULTY AND STUDENTS  
OF  
Boston  
Public Latin School

APRIL 22, 24, 25, 26 AND MAY 3, 1935

1635-1935

A Pageant commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Boston Public Latin School, written by the masters and played by the students of the School.

1

## PROLOGUE

by

WILLIAM H. MARNELL, '23

SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

WILLIAM L. NOLAN, '35

ACT I

SCENE 1

FOUNDING OF THE SCHOOL (1635)

*Written and directed by* THOMAS F. MAHAN

<i>Governor Dudley</i>	HAROLD BROWN, '35
<i>Former Governor Winthrop</i>	ELLIOTT L. SAGALL, '35
<i>Reverend John Cotton</i>	S. EMERSON GOLDEN, '35
<i>Town Clerk</i>	CHARLES F. VELARDO, '35
<i>Town Constable</i>	NORMAN PLATT, '36
<i>Freemen</i>	{ THOMAS TRAVERS, '35
	{ MITCHELL J. COOPER, '37
	{ JOHN F. O'BRIEN, '36
<i>Townsmen</i>	{ JOHN H. MAGUIRE, '37
	{ ROBERT E. KRUCKLIN, '37
	{ ELIHU STONE, '37

SCENE 2

CHEEVER'S CLASSROOM (1701)

*Written and directed by* JAMES A. S. CALLANAN, '21

<i>Ezekiel Cheever</i>	THOMAS R. KILEY, '37
<i>Cotton Mather</i>	HENRY PFAU, '37
<i>John Barnard</i>	JOSEPH R. LEVENSON, '37
<i>Samuel Sewall</i>	ROBERT H. TOBIN, '40
<i>Selectmen</i>	{ FRANCIS L. SLATTERY, '37
	{ JOHN J. L. CARTY, '37
	{ JOSEPH H. SCHAFFER, '37
<i>Pupils</i>	{ JOSEPH H. COHEN, '37
	{ ROBERT W. CORSON, '37
	{ VINCENT P. O'GORMAN, '37
	{ BERNARD S. FREEMAN, '37



SCENE 3

GENERAL HALDIMAND'S OFFICE (1775)

*Written by* LEE J. DUNN, '24

*Directed by* THOMAS F. MAHAN

*General Haldimand*

*British Officer*

*British Sentry*

*Hessian Trooper*

*Latin School boy*

*His companions*

EDWARD J. FERRARONE, '35

ROBERT J. BOTTOMLEY, '37

NORMAN A. OBER, '36

HENRY A. GILLETTE, '36

JOHN J. WILKAS, '36

{ FRANCIS J. LEE, '38

{ ROWE L. LYNCH, '38

1

ACT II

Introduction

*Written and directed by*

MARK F. RUSSO and WILLIAM H. MARNELL, '23

*Historian*

*Boy*

JOHN T. HENDERSON, '35

JOHN A. McMAHON, '37

SCENE 1

LOVELL'S CLASSROOM (1775)

*Written and directed by* MARK F. RUSSO

*John Lovell*

*James Lovell*

*Pupils*

JOHN F. GAQUIN, '35

MORTON J. RODMAN, '35

{ GEORGE L. McLAUGHLIN, '40

{ EDWARD MARTIN, '38

{ STANLEY H. DAVIS, '38

{ RICHARD HERLIHY, '40

SCENE 2

A BOSTON TAVERN (1776)

*Written and directed by* FRANCIS C. CLEARY, '20

<i>First Tory</i>	JAMES M. McNULTY, '35
<i>Second Tory</i>	FRANCIS J. DONOVAN, '35
<i>First Whig</i>	ARTHUR A. BARRY, P. G.
<i>Second Whig</i>	FRANCIS X. CUDDY, '35
<i>First British Officer</i>	PAUL L. ALBERTI, '36
<i>Second British Officer</i>	WILLIAM C. HIGGINS, '38
<i>Innkeeper</i>	JULIUS N. LUDWIN, '36

SCENE 3

A BOSTON TAVERN (1786)

*Written and directed by* JOHN E. COLLINS

<i>Samuel Adams</i>	PAUL M. JAKMAUH, '37
<i>Benjamin Franklin</i>	DEXTER P. NICHOLS, '36
<i>John Hancock</i>	GEORGE J. LAURENT, '35
<i>Boy</i>	HOWARD L. SILVER, '37

1

ACT III

SCENE 1

GARDNER'S CLASSROOM (1861)

*Written by* LEE J. DUNN, '24

*Directed by* WILLIAM H. MARNELL, '23

<i>Francis Gardner</i>	WARREN P. BAKER, P. G.
<i>Union Captain</i>	ARNOLD E. FREEDMAN, '35
<i>Union Soldiers</i>	{ ROY S. BURROUGHS, '37
	{ JOHN J. MCGILLICUDDY, '37

Incidental music by ELLIOTT BRESNICK, '35, THOMAS P. MURPHY, '36, SHERMAN G. SAWYER, '38, STANLEY SCHREIDER, '35, DENNIS N. STAMATOS, '38, and GEORGE WASSERMAN, '35.

SCENE 2

AN ALUMNI BANQUET (1876)

*Written and directed by* JAMES A. S. CALLANAN, '21

Seated left to right

<i>Wendell Phillips, 1827</i>	ELIOT STELLAR, '37
<i>Charles K. Dillaway, 1821</i>	JOHN F. WALLACE, '37
<i>Former Chief Justice Charles S. Bradley, 1834</i>	WILLIAM F. FARRELL, '37
<i>William Evarts, ex-1833</i>	MARVIN FREEDMAN, '37
<i>Edward Everett Hale, 1835</i>	EVERETT J. DANIELS, '37
<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1817</i>	JOHN J. DAUNT, '35
<i>Moses Merrill, Head Master</i>	JOHN F. ABOLTIN, '38
<i>Charles W. Eliot, 1849</i>	IRVING D. CARTER, '37
<i>Captain William Rogers, 1856</i>	ALEXANDER L. MACQUEEN, '37
<i>William Everett, 1855</i>	ANDREW D. DRISCOLL, '38
<i>Phillips Brooks, 1851</i>	THOMAS A. LIKOS, '37

SCENE 3

AN OFFICE (1898, 1903)

*Written and directed by* FRANCIS C. CLEARY, '20

(During this scene the curtain will be lowered momentarily  
to indicate the passage of five years)

<i>Business Man</i>	ALBERT COHEN, '36
<i>His Nephew</i>	WILLIAM SIEGEL, '35
<i>Secretary</i>	LEON M. SHEKTELL, '36
<i>Newsboy</i>	TIMOTHY F. X. SULLIVAN, '37
<i>Samuel P. Langley</i>	JOHN H. SULLIVAN, '35
<i>First Reporter</i>	ROBERT C. McMANAMY, '38
<i>Second Reporter</i>	SOLOMON GLASSMAN, '35



*Tercentenary Committee Medal*





# PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL'S HALL OF FAME

*Written by* WILLIAM H. MARNELL, '23

*Presented by* WILLIAM L. NOLAN, '35

1

<i>Cotton Mather</i> (1663-1728)	JAMES J. HOROVITZ, '35
<i>John Leverett</i> (1662-1724)	HOWARD J. ABRAMSON, '36
<i>Robert Treat Paine</i> (1731-1814)	BENJAMIN S. GOLUB, '35
<i>William Hooper</i> (1742-1790)	WARREN W. FERGUSON, '36
<i>Henry Knox</i> (1750-1806)	STANLEY E. SLIVKIN, '36
<i>James Bowdoin</i> (1727-1790)	FREDERICK I. GOTTESMAN, '37
<i>Samuel Langdon</i> (1723-1797)	ARNOLD E. DAUM, '35
<i>Josiah Quincy</i> (1744-1775)	LLEWELLYN RICHARDS, '38
<i>Christopher Gore</i> (1758-1827)	WILLIAM R. SMITH, '35
<i>Edward Everett</i> (1794-1865)	WALTER W. BIXBY, '37
<i>Samuel Francis Smith</i> (1808-1895)	JOHN R. HANKEY, '35
<i>Charles Sumner</i> (1811-1874)	MITCHELL G. SNEIERSON, '40
<i>Wendell Phillips</i> (1811-1884)	ELIOT STELLAR, '37
<i>John Lothrop Motley</i> (1814-1877)	THOMAS F. HESNAN, '35
<i>John Bernard Fitzpatrick</i> (1812-1866)	JAMES P. MURRAY, '35
<i>William Maxwell Evarts</i> (1818-1901)	MARVIN FREEDMAN, '37
<i>Henry Warde Beecher</i> (1813-1887)	WARREN E. McMURRAY, '35
<i>Charles Devens</i> (1820-1891)	MARIO PISTONE, '37
<i>Francis James Child</i> (1825-1896)	JOHN V. KEANEY, '37
<i>Charles William Eliot</i> (1834-1926)	IRVING D. CARTER, '37
<i>Edward Everett Hale</i> (1822-1909)	EVERETT J. DANIELS, '37
<i>Martin Milmore</i> (1844-1883)	FREDERICK F. FISHMAN, '37
<i>Edward Charles Pickering</i> (1846-1919)	JOHN F. LEONARD, '37
<i>Phillips Brooks</i> (1835-1893)	THOMAS LIKOS, '37
<i>Matthew Harkins</i> (1846-1921)	ARNOLD M. SILVER, '37
<i>Henry Lee Higginson</i> (1834-1919)	EUGENE N. BINDER, '36

## EPILOGUE

by

WILLIAM H. MARNELL, '23

1

SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

WILLIAM L. NOLAN, '35

Between Acts One and Two selections were rendered by the Public Latin School Glee Club under the direction of T. Francis Burke, Acting Assistant Director of Music, Boston Public Schools.

Between Acts Two and Three instrumental music was played by the Public Latin School Orchestra under the direction of Joseph F. Wagner, Assistant Director of Music, Boston Public Schools.

At the conclusion of the Pageant the National Anthem was rendered by the Glee Club and Orchestra.

*Produced by*

MARK F. RUSSO

*Edited by*

WILLIAM H. MARNELL, '23

*Production Manager*

A. PAUL GALLIVAN, '35

*Setting by*

LOUIS P. GALANIS

*Lighting by*

HARRY F. CARLSON

*Costumes by*

TONY KREBS & Co.

*Stage Managers:* EDWARD BERKOVITZ, '35, NICHOLAS G. CANDIS, '35, ROBERT L. FITZPATRICK, '37, HAROLD P. GOLINSKY, '37, HAROLD E. GRIFFIN, '35, GABRIEL A. IASH, '35, ROBERT J. KOWALKER, '37, WILLIAM J. LAVERTY, '36, FREDERICK W. LOCKE, '37, JOHN W. MAHONY, '35, FRANCIS A. REGAN, '37, FRANCIS X. SHANNON, '36.

### *Pageant Committee*

JAMES A. S. CALLANAN

LEE J. DUNN

FRANCIS C. CLEARY

THOMAS F. MAHAN

JOHN E. COLLINS

WILLIAM H. MARNELL

MARK F. RUSSO

*(Copy of the Program)*

THE tercentenary pageant was divided into three acts and ten scenes. The first and third acts were played on a "picture-book" stage, a device calculated to eliminate the shifting of cumbersome sets and to speed up the action of the play. The second act was played on a split stage, with the spotlight shifting from right stage to left stage as the action shifted from the Historian and Boy to the episodes proper of the act. The last scene was in the nature of a rapid review of the distinguished graduates of the School presented in chronological sequence. A certain amount of biographical material relating to these men and quotable extracts from their works was collected for this scene. There was also a Prologue and Epilogue, to be delivered by a Page, who manipulated the "picture book" that served as background of the first and third acts.



## PROLOGUE

IT is a long book and a tall book we have to read tonight, and through its pages walk tall and sturdy men, and their story is the story of a nation, small in its beginnings, but destined to a glorious growth. Our book is rich in deathless prints; the men in it have drunk the milk of Paradise and they are enshrined forever in the hearts of a grateful people. There are tales of unflinching courage in our book, tales of men who moulded a nation's destiny, and men who questioned, assailed and then pushed outward the barriers of human thought. The birth and growth of a nation is in our book, and the spirit of the school whose children were builders of America breathes through its pages.

Three hundred years ago the waves that crashed on the shores of Massachusetts Bay had a voice of finality and renunciation. A long farewell to the fields of England, rich, green, and well beloved; a long farewell to things that were known, and certain, and secure. Behind them the long road across the sea, a retreat to the weak and fearful, but closed to the stout of heart. So with feet firmly planted and back turned to the sea, the stern pioneers faced the forests, faced cold and hunger and privation—with hot blood pounding through their veins and a hymn of Thanksgiving sounding in their hearts, they faced the unknown, the west, the future. Theirs is the pillar of fire, to hearten and guide them in the long night of exile. Theirs is the light, and their duty is plain before them. Theirs the torch, which must be handed down to their sons through the generations. That the New Zion, Christ's Kingdom in the west, may endure, learning must be fostered. In part, the founding of the Latin School is an act of consecration.

All this, friends, is written between the lines that we shall read. For our volume is more than the history of a school; it is a chapter in the epic of America. The day came when America was ready for her independent place among the nations of the world. The day came when men evolved new and glorious concepts of human relations, new and exalted concepts of human rights, a day when freedom and equality were ideals to fight and



die for, and national independence was the people's goal. Midway in our book the tale of those days is told, a tale to thrill with pride, not alone those to whom Boston and its School are dear, but to thrill the nation from coast to coast. For the gods that shape the destiny of nations staged the heart of the conflict in our midst. And when the later day came and the nation had to fight once more, that the national unity conceived in the council chambers of Boston and fused in the bloody crucible of Revolution might endure, another honorable page was written in our book. In the war between the states the school had its gallant regiment. For those who fell in battle the school grieved, with those returning unharmed the school rejoiced. In all her warrior sons she felt an austere and honorable pride. And, in the same manner, the school feels an honorable pride in what her sons have meant to America in times of peace. Empire builders, born and trained in the east, who struggled with and solved the problems of an untamed west; men of letters, who shed luster on the name of Boston during the Indian Summer of Puritan New England; men of science, belonging to the present and to the future as well, men of God, spiritual descendants of the divines who brought the school into being, who yesterday and today interpret the Word to a larger, more urbane populace. Our book is the story of these men.

These things the Latin School likes to take pride in: A scholarly tradition that has never suffered compromise, an adherence to learning that is old and tested, and that has developed naturally and has not been subject to transient fancy, the respect and loyalty of a cultured community.

Today the boys of Boston Latin, two thousand strong, read the rolls of their school. A graduate of Latin School, perhaps the finest mind that America has produced, once said, "The search after great men is the dream of youth and the occupation of manhood." Our book is rich in the dreams of youth that have been fulfilled in later greatness. And so it is both with pride and humility that we turn the pages of our book. Pride is ours in the richness of our inheritance; the task of being worthy of that inheritance we face with humility.

And so, friends, let us read our book together. Let us live over the halcyon days when there were giants on the earth, let us review the quintessence of our past, the distillate from the alembic

## TERCENTENARY PAGEANT

of three hundred years. And, since this is Boston, capitol city of New England, let us start with that legislative assembly which combines the purest democracy in its members with the most absolute despotism in its moderator, our own contribution to political science — the New England town meeting.



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL  
TERCENTENARY PAGEANT

1

ACT I. SCENE 1

SCENE: A bare room furnished with rude table, rough log benches.

PERSONS IN SCENE:

Governor Dudley	Clerk
Ex-Governor John Winthrop	Constable
Rev. John Cotton	Three prominent townsmen
	Several citizens

*(Governor Dudley and Winthrop stand near table where clerk is seated. Townspeople are engaged in animated conversation, moving freely about room.)*

CLERK. Hear ye! Hear ye! To all freemen, inhabitants of the town of Boston, Massachusetts Bay Colony, founded and duly operating under charter granted by his most gracious Majesty Charles I, now reigning, Greeting.

Whereas, the Governor and his most worthy assistants, being duly concerned for the welfare and happiness of our brothers of the town, have called this general meeting of duly qualified freemen to consider measures affecting the welfare of the town of Boston. Let there be order!

WINTHROP (*addressing Gov. Dudley*). Your Excellency, it appears that certain of our brethren are wont to pay no heed to the admonition of our worthy clerk, but rather are disposed to conduct their private business affairs in this solemn meeting place which has been set apart for the conduct of town business.

Gov. DUDLEY. It indeed does appear so, my good Winthrop, and is most disturbing and annoying to us who have grown used to well-ordered government meetings in our beloved England. As such conduct has persisted now for several months, I have drawn up an order which I will now read and submit to this assemblage for its ratification. (*Reads*). "Whosoever, at any public meeting shall fall into any private conference to the hindrance of the public business, shall forfeit for every such offence twelve pence to be paid into the constable's hand for public use."

WINTHROP. A goodly ruling, my dear Governor, and one which I hope will be ratified and strictly enforced by our worthy constable, here in attendance. (*Constable moves ominously towards the now somewhat subdued townspeople.*)

GOVERNOR DUDLEY. You have heard, I hope, the proposal of the law governing our town meeting. Is there general assent?

A FREEMAN (*rising*). Most excellent Governor, I most sincerely hope that this necessary order is adopted at once. I, who have come a long distance over muddy roads to take part in town discussions, have been sorely annoyed by the scandalous conduct of some of our brothers who seem to be more intent on carrying on their private business than in the important matters which we have met to discuss.

Gov. DUDLEY. Well said, Brother Adams, we shall proceed to the adoption of the order. Is there objection to this ruling? (*Pause.*) Hearing none, I hereby declare the law as read here and now in effect. Constable, you are hereby empowered to preserve order at future town meetings.

CONSTABLE. Aye, aye, sir, I shall do my best.

Gov. DUDLEY. Brothers, we have much of importance



to discuss today but I am going to defer said discussions to a later hour, and give hearing now to our most worthy and respected brother, Rev. John Cotton, lately come amongst us, who desires to speak to us on a matter most compelling to the welfare of this township. Brother Cotton, will you now inform us of your plans disclosed but lately to me?

REV. COTTON. Excellency, it is indeed a pleasure to have the opportunity to discuss with my fellow-townsmen a matter which is dear to my heart. Since my arrival on these shores some months past, I have observed with growing apprehension the lamentable state in which our beloved children are growing up, many of whom are unlettered and undisciplined. As we all know, the only means of training and education now afforded them is private instruction, carried on under the paternal roof, often with serious handicap because of inabilities to instruct properly the boys who in a few years will be entrusted with the administration and management of our colony, here established by God's providence.

Considering these things, my worthy brethren, with your consent and approval and with the approbation of our most righteous Governor, I propose the immediate establishment of a Free School in Boston, based upon the well-proven principles which govern those Latin Grammar Schools in which many of us received our early education and which have so well fitted us for the tasks which God has ordained for us to carry out. Let us ever remember the Biblical injunction, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom".

FREEMAN EDWARDS. But, my respected Brother Cotton, meritorious as your plan may be, whom can we secure for the training of our children? Know you of any brother among us who is properly fitted for this important task?

And further, how will it be possible for us to support him, considering our present dire necessities?

REV. COTTON. I realize well, Brother Edwards, that my proposal may seem startling at this time, but after long deliberation and frequent consultation with the brethren we have come to the wholehearted decision that free education and training of youths in these Colonies must begin in Boston and that our coming citizens must be prepared to carry on the problems of government and be "toilers in the vineyard of the Lord".

WINTHROP. Admirably stated, Brother Cotton, will you not outline your plan to us further?

REV. COTTON. Certainly. First as to the possibility of maintaining a school in the town. After conference with many of our brethren who have children of school age, I have ascertained that these brothers would be most willing to assist in the maintenance of a schoolmaster. Further means of support will be forthcoming under a proposed town ordinance. I suggest that a goodly acreage of town lands be set apart and the income therefrom be applied to the support of a free school. In my will, I shall make provision for one-half of my estate to be paid into the town collector's hands for the upkeep of the school.

GOV. DUDLEY. A most generous offer, my dear Cotton, and one that I hope others in our community may emulate.

REV. COTTON. Now, as to the man who will give instruction to our children, let me present the name of one of our fellow townsmen, a scholar from Emmanuel College, a godly man, Philemon Pormort. I have known Brother Pormort as a friend and neighbor in Lincolnshire these many years and I have always found him to be upright, honest, and held in the highest esteem by those who have known him. He came to these shores only last year,

but has already endeared himself to many of his brethren by his zeal for the welfare of the church and the children of the town. I respectfully suggest that our Brother Pormort be urged to become master of our proposed Free School.

WINTHROP. Excellent proposal, Brother Cotton, which I hope our townsmen will enthusiastically support. Rumor has reached my ears that a college is soon to be established across the river in Newtowne and perforce we must prepare our young men to enter these halls of learning which will carry on the noble traditions of our glorious Cambridge.

DUDLEY. Yes, our young men must be prepared to carry on our tasks and our brotherhood. The establishment of a school must be among our most serious concerns.

*(Cotton meanwhile has conferred with clerk and latter now reads in loud voice:)*

"Be it agreed upon that our Brother Philemon Pormort shall be entreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nurturing of children with us".

DUDLEY. Is there general assent? *(Chorus of ayes)*

And thus, with God's help, is the first free school in these colonies established.

## ACT I. SCENE 2

### EZEKIEL CHEEVER

#### PERSONS IN SCENE

Cotton Mather  
Samuel Sewall  
John Barnard

Ezekiel Cheever  
Three Selectmen  
Several Boys

SCENE—Cheever's Classroom, Boston Latin School.

*(When the curtain rises, there enters a boy, young Samuel Sewall, looking about curiously as if waiting for someone to appear. Then Cotton Mather enters; he is an older*

*boy and sets about opening the school for the day. When he opens a casement window, it seems still to be early. On seeing young Sewall, he says:)*

MATHER. Well, what are you doing here? Have you been here all night?

SEWALL. No, but I arrived early to present myself to Master Cheever, who is my father's friend. They say one has a better chance of a good seat, no matter who your family is, provided your face be clean and you appear early.

MATHER. You've been told the truth.

SEWALL. Was it Master Cheever whom I passed in the courtyard,—a tall man with a white periwig?

MATHER. Not Master Cheever, he; for Master Cheever abominates periwigs as sinful and unnatural and extravagant. He is a venerable and religious gentleman, severe in aspect and strict indeed if you deserve his severity,—but

SEWALL. That makes me fear—

MATHER. But so gentle and kind in his heart that tho' we fear him, we love him too. No boy among us would caricature him on the blank page of our (Latin) Accidence, or call him old Cheever 'neath our breaths.

SEWALL. But how shall I know him when he appears?

MATHER. By his black skull cap and snowy white beard which reaches to his girdle. The scholars say that when he strokes it to a point, then it is a sign for all of us to stand clear.

SEWALL (*terrified*). And is that the truth?

MATHER. Aye, indeed, 'tis truth. Then is it well to mind your lessons close and beware his birch rod and ferule.

SEWALL. I tremble from the thought.

MATHER. No fear to tremble, if you but abide by his rule. In heart, no kindlier man exists than Master



Cheever. It's his joy to make others good, for his own life he employs in actions good himself. But let John Barnard— (*whom Mather sees approaching*) tell you more of him. Here, John, is young Samuel Sewall, the Judge's son, to join our school.

BARNARD. Welcome, young Sewall, to our school. I have been twice received here by our aged and famous Master Cheever.

SEWALL. Twice?

MATHER (*who has gone on with the opening of the room*). He once left but came back again.

BARNARD. Yes; you see, a rival here beat me by the help of an older brother in an upper class, who stood behind Master with the Accidence open for him to read from; I who had no help was forced to commit to memory all the declensions, and so could not keep pace.

SEWALL. And then you left the school?

BARNARD. Yes, my ambition could not bear to be out-done in such a fraudulent manner—so I left the school.

SEWALL. Then why did you return?

BARNARD. The gentleman who was my tutor received but little encouragement and gave up his school, so my father sent me back to Master Cheever.

MATHER. His mother died and his father knew Master to be a pious and devout instructor.

(*They are interrupted by the entrance of Cheever and some other boys. Mather and Barnard take their places and all remain standing until Cheever sits down. He sees young Sewall standing and says:*)

CHEEVER. Come forward, son. (*Sewall approaches*). What is thy name?

SEWALL. Samuel Sewall, sir.

CHEEVER. Judge Sewall's son?

SEWALL. Yes, sir.

CHEEVER. Do thou but follow in thy father's footsteps.



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*(Hands him a copy of the Accidence and puts him in a front seat. All during this, there's been an increasingly steady hum, which is brought abruptly to an end when Cheever's ferule hits the desk. Then silence.)*

CHEEVER. Barnard! *(Barnard rises.)* Your syntax of *ne vixeris* in turning Aesop's fable yesterday into Latin Verse is wrong. *(Pause)* Come hither.

*(Barnard approaches tremblingly—not a bit like the cocksure lad of a few moments before, and takes his paper from Cheever who says:)*

CHEEVER. Well, what might thou say?

BARNARD. Sir, *(still trembling)* I used the form not heedlessly but—

CHEEVER. But what!

BARNARD. B-But designedly.

CHEEVER. And why, pray???

BARNARD. There is a plain grammar rule for it, sir.

CHEEVER. *(angrily, as he strokes his beard)* There is no such rule.

*(Barnard nervously presents the grammar opened to the rule.)*

CHEEVER *(quietly)*.—Thou art a brave lad; I had forgot it.

*At this point, a group of town selectmen enter and one speaks to Cheever who dismisses the class and says:*

CHEEVER. Gentlemen, be seated.

SELECTMAN No. 1. Master Cheever, we have come to represent the town and state our appreciation of the good thou has done for our sons.

SELECTMAN No. 2. In addition to educating their minds, thou hast wrestled for their souls.

SELECTMAN No. 3. And though not its founder, thou hast by thy impetus, given tone and character to the Latin School.

SELECTMAN No. 1. The town has voted to build apart



*Schoolhouse North Side of School Street*

(ca. 1645-1704)

(1704-1748)



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from the school itself a house for thee and thy family. This is to mark our gratitude for the training thou hast given our sons, though we may have often thought it too severe.

CHEEVER. Gentlemen, I am profoundly touched and my gratitude is great and beyond words. While not wholly freeing myself from blame as to my want of wisdom and coolness in ordering and uttering my speeches, yet I can not be convinced that I deserve the censure thou hint upon in thy words. May I continue always to dispense my instruction according to the rules of Christ.

*(The selectmen retire and Cheever ascends to his desk and, alone, bends low in prayer:)*

CHEEVER: Oh Lord, Thou knowest that I had rather suffer anything from men than make a shipwreck of a good conscience or go against my present light, though erroneous when discovered. Make me wait upon Thee, for the discovery of truth in my own time, either to myself or church or my charges, that what I do or have done amiss may be repented of and reformed; bring Thy Blessing and presence among those who are entrusted to my care, to Thy glory and their present and everlasting comfort, for which I heartily pray. Amen.

*(Head bows—fade-out.)*

[CURTAIN]

ACT I. SCENE 3

SCENE: Haldiman's Office, Desk or Table.

PERSONS IN SCENE:

Sentry  
Fritz

Officer  
General Haldimand  
Latin School Boys

*(As lights go up sentry is found on duty alone. Shortly*

*after Fritz, the servant enters.) (Sentry uses Cockney accent; Fritz, a German accent.)*

SENTRY. Good morrow to you, Fritz.

FRITZ. And to you; it is cold outside.

SENTRY. That it is, but, as the guard was changed, I noticed that you were out in the cold.

FRITZ. Rightly so! And, I assure you, with pleasure, great pleasure.

SENTRY. Yes, I noticed you.

FRITZ. Well, it is about time I fixed those devils.

SENTRY. Devils?

FRITZ. Yes, those Latin School boys. Always bothering me—hooting at me—calling me a Hessian—and shouting, Yea! Mercenary. Plague on the dummkopfs.

SENTRY. Yea, a plague on them—they shout “Lobster-back”, “Lobster-back”, at all the faithful soldiers of His Majesty, The King. They are worse than their elders.

FRITZ. Out of all the streets in Boston, why did the general pick this one as his home—opposite the school-house.

SENTRY. Yes, and do you know that the school was once on this very spot?

FRITZ. No—nor do I care, but I fixed those fellows this morning. The shouting and the laughing that goes on at the close of school as they coast down the hill.

SENTRY. It’s bad enough here, but what must it be like up at Mr. Shelburne’s where they start the coast.

FRITZ (*laughing*). Well, they’ll not shout and laugh today—the ashes I sprinkled over their coast will stop their fun. Calling me a mercenary! Does not a man have to serve his prince? And these—these—fanatics who talk about liberty and—

SENTRY. And what I can’t understand is this talk about taxation without representation, why in Merrie England we would not think of such a thing, let alone talk of it.



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FRITZ. Well, it's about time someone put a stop to it—and we might just as well start with the youth. They won't dare start anything.

SENTRY. The good old Master John Lovell teaches his boys the right things—it's that young upstart, his son James, that pours sedition into their minds. Would that I could place all such fools, patriots—bah! in the jails in which they belong.

FRITZ. Yes— but the jails would not hold them here in the town—they are too numerous.

SENTRY. Well, it's something to think about. It is near time for the school to let out for the morning. I want to see what the boys will do when they discover the ashes you placed on their coast. I've been here three years, and this is the first time anyone tried to stop them from doing what they wanted.

FRITZ. Well, I have.

*(sound of voices off stage)*

There—school's out—I'm going to see what they do.

*(Fritz exits). (Knocking offstage). (Sentry exits).*

*(Boys and sentry enter)*

SENTRY. Your pleasure, young sirs?

LEADER OF BOYS. We should like to see the General.

SENTRY. The General cannot be disturbed.

LEADER. On our rights as Englishmen we demand to see the General.

SENTRY. But you can't—

*(Enter an officer who steps up to the group)*

OFFICER. What is wrong here?

LEADER. We, members of the First Class at the Latin Grammar School seek the right to see General Haldimand.

OFFICER. Perhaps if you tell me your business I may be able to help.

LEADER. Our business is for the General—and the General alone.

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

OFFICER. The General is busy—you must await his pleasure.

LEADER. We have the incontestable right to sue for redress and again we ask that we be given the right to see the General.

OFFICER. It would be far better for you young sirs to couch your petition in a more respectful tone.

LEADER. Respectful tone? Do not joke with us, sir. We know our rights. We are Englishmen; we are entitled to a hearing, and we demand it.

OFFICER. Unless you leave now and allow me to inform the General as to your difficulty, and await his pleasure, I shall have to put you out.

LEADER (*firmly*). We stand on our rights and we again ask to see the General.

(*Officer signals, sentry steps forward and with his rifle starts pushing the boys across the stage—much murmuring and talk, ad lib. "We have rights, etc., etc.,"*)

*Enter Haldimand.*

HALDIMAND. What is going on here?

LEADER (*stepping forward*). Sir, we requested a hearing and we were refused. And we are being "driven" from the house of an officer in the service of King George, and when we are suing for redress.

HALDIMAND. All right, all right. (*Sentry is waved back.*) My Good sirs, state your complaint.

LEADER. Sir, it has been the custom of Latin School boys to coast down Beacon Street from Mr. Shelburne's house across Trimount and down School Street, past the School. Our fathers before us have improved the coast from time immemorial. Now your servant, a Hessian mercenary, has placed ashes on our coast. Is this the way that the sons of Englishmen are to be treated by mercenaries? We demand, sir, to know why our inherent rights have been re-

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stricted by this man. Are we to bow our heads, as Englishmen, to this servant?

HALDIMAND. My good sir, please cease. (*to sentry*) Send Fritz, in (*to boys*) Young sirs, I have enough trouble with your fathers over much more important things. I am not going to have trouble with you boys. Though the School is but across the street, and the noise of the coasting is disturbing, nevertheless the coast shall be repaired.

(*While he is talking Fritz and the sentry enter*).

(*Haldimand continues*) Fritz, repair the coast of the Latin School boys. Do not have any further trouble with them.

(*Fritz salutes, glares at the boys, and exits.*)

HALDIMAND. Well, young sirs, I trust that this will remove any difficulties in the future.

Boys. Thank you, sir.

(*Boys exit*).

HALDIMAND (*to officer*). More trouble! When I tell the Governor of this I can almost quote now what he will say and it will go something like this: "It is impossible to beat the notion of liberty out of the people, as it is rooted in them from childhood". And I guess that he is right—this episode proves it.

ACT II. SCENE 1

SCENE: The stage is foreshortened by a drop curtain. The Historian and Boy are seated right stage.

LAD. And was the Latin School open all through the war for independence?

HISTORIAN. No, not quite. It was shut down on the morning of April 19, 1775, while British troops were

amassing all along Scollay Square and up Tremont Street beyond School Street, even as far as the Mall on the Boston Common. Preparations were being made by the British to rally their forces in an attack upon the American Patriots and Minutemen.

LAD. That was the morning following the famous ride by Paul Revere, wasn't it?

HISTORIAN. Correct, my lad.

LAD. And on that same day the American farmers and patriots battled the Redcoats at Lexington and Concord!

HISTORIAN. Right again, lad. Now, just prior to and during those hectic days the conduct of the school was in the hands of one Mister John Lovell and his son, Master James. It seems that the patriotism of these two was not exactly of a similar brand, and their personal discussions on affairs of state very often took a turn for the violent,—er—er—I might even say abusive.

LAD. Why was that, sir?

HISTORIAN. Well, son, you see Old Mister Lovell—John Lovell, that is—was an ardent Loyalist. He was a strong supporter of the King and the Tory element; while young Master James was a staunch and fiery champion of the Whigs—that is, the American Patriots. In fact, he was just such a patriot himself, for it was he who delivered at the Old South Meeting House, the first oration in Commemoration of the Boston Massacre, one of the sparks that set off the tinder box of the American Revolution.

LAD. You mean the son actually went against the father in his opinion of the Government of the American Colonies?

HISTORIAN. Yes, actually that. When it came to political discussion, there was no love lost between father and son. Now, let me take you back for a moment to that old schoolhouse and I shall try to give you somewhat of a picture of what took place on that memorable morning



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of April 19, 1775. You see—old Mister John Lovell and his son, Master James—

*(voice trails off)*

[BLACKOUT]

SCENE *(left)*—SCHOOLROOM

*(Discovered: Mr. John and James Lovell)*

JOHN. What say you! "War"? "Rebellion" is more suited to the situation it seems to me.

JAMES. Call it what you will, father, the fact is that last night goodman Paul Revere spread the alarm that the British troops now in Boston were making ready to surround the patriots in Lexington and Concord town.

JOHN. Patriots. Bah! I repeat, sir, Rebels! Rebels!

JAMES. Even rebellion, sir, may be a necessary weapon for the preservation of that liberty for which our Pilgrim Fathers suffered so many hardships.

JOHN. Liberty! Liberty, say you! Anarchy is what I'd call it!

JAMES. Then if liberty be anarchy, let us have anarchy! I'm for it!

JOHN. Stop! I forbid you! Oh, that my own son should utter such treason against the government of His Majesty, The King! Whither are we going? What madness is this that has taken hold on the young blood of our day? What wild fanciful dreams are these that drive sane men to treason?

JAMES. Probably dreams that shall build an empire of which the world knows no equal! Who knows?

JOHN. Enough, I command you! I warn you that you shall come to no good end with your defiance of the lawful authority of His Majesty, Our King. Such talk is



but the wild bellowing of the ignorant mob running down roughshod all of the sacred institutions of established government.

JAMES. Nay, father, rather the awaking to justice of the consciousness of a people long oppressed and exploited by tyrants. Come Dawn! Come Light! Come Liberty!

(*Commotion—four school boys come rushing on stage*)

1ST BOY. Master! Master! Sir, the soldiers! The King's men! They are ready, sir!

2ND BOY. Yes, sir! I could hardly pass on my way, sir. I had to take a round about turn to school.

3RD BOY. There was scarce the room for passage even. Soldiers are everywhere.

4TH BOY. Is there going to be a war?

JAMES. Aye, my lad! A war that shall break the shackles of bondage. A war for freedom!

JOHN. Aye, my lads. This day shall go down a sad one in the history of mankind. Retire safely to your homes, my young masters. War's begun—School's done. *Deponite libros.* (*Blackout*)

(*Flash Back to Lad and Historian*)

HISTORIAN. "*Deponite libros*" of course, as you know, was the customary command given to the boys to put aside their books, and school was not opened again for some time.

LAD. What happened to the Lovells, both father and son, in the meantime?

HISTORIAN. Well, Old Mister Lovell was a deeply disappointed old man. He couldn't bear to see the turn of events here in the colonies, and so when the loyal Tories evacuated Boston on March 17, 1776, he went with them and spent the rest of his days at Halifax, in Nova Scotia.

LAD. And the young Mr. Lovell?

HISTORIAN. Somewhat true to the dire prophecies of his Tory father, he became a victim of his patriotic fervor

and activity, for shortly after the Battle of Bunker's Hill on June 17, 1775, he was made prisoner and confined in Boston Prison by the British troops. And when the British evacuated Boston on March 17 of the following year, they took him along with them. After six months, he was exchanged as a prisoner of war.

LAD. Did he ever return to teach in the Old Latin School?

HISTORIAN. No, my son. History has it that he was later elected as a delegate to the Continental Congress, and shortly after that President Washington appointed him to a government post in the Naval office in Boston, in which position he remained for the rest of his life.

LAD. Was the Lovell family typical of many American families of the times?

HISTORIAN. I do not quite understand.

LAD. Don't you think the situation strange? Here is Lovell the father, true to the old traditions to which he was born, loyal to the old, established order of things. A reactionary, I think you call it. And then there's the son. Entirely different. He seems to have believed in the new thought that was sweeping the world. There was a gulf between father and son, wasn't there, a gulf in time, you might say.

HISTORIAN. These gulfs open in times of social change. I think sometimes a gulf is opening between your generation and mine, a wider gulf than usually divides the generations. It frightens me, sometimes, to think of what your generation, to whom the World War is merely a chapter in history and not a living memory, may make out of this world when the middle decades of the twentieth century roll around. But not usually, son. It doesn't usually frighten me. Perhaps my trust can bridge the gulf between us. I have a trust that your generation will distinguish wisely between what is vital and what is out-

worn in your inheritance, and mould your own destiny in a changing world.

LAD. I think I see what you mean. You, too, believe in that ideal in which young Lovell and his generation believed. You believe in what our history teacher calls the doctrine of Human Perfectibility.

HISTORIAN. Whenever mankind is vigorous it believes in Human Perfectibility. Lovell and hundreds of other men of his generation believed in it. They were rebels against the rigid social order into which they were born. They were defenders of a personal freedom that their fathers could not understand. They faced obstacles as great as your generation faces, son, and not entirely dissimilar. Their idealism had to shake its way free from the slough of a disillusioned century. Remember, son, it was those pilgrims of perfectibility who won at Saratoga, who stormed the Bastille, and gave England constitutional democracy. Shelley belonged to their number in England, and Goethe in Germany. They made the nineteenth century a better one to live in than the eighteenth.

LAD. Then ideals can sometimes be made practical and real.

HISTORIAN. Indeed they can. The republicans dreamed of Utopia, and created America. Perhaps they fell short of their mark, but there was progress in what they did.

LAD. Really both the Lovells were loyalists, weren't they? But the father was loyal to the past and the son to the future.

HISTORIAN. That is true, and the greatest obstacle to human progress is the fact that those who are loyal to the past never realize it. But young Lovell had some support at home, you know. He had a sister.

LAD. Young Lovell had a sister?

HISTORIAN. He certainly did—and one young artillery officer in His Majesty's forces soon found it out.

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LAD. Who was he?

HISTORIAN. A certain Colonel Cleveland. He was welcome in old Lovell's home. That is, welcome enough to all except young Lovell.

LAD. Oh, I don't like that!

HISTORIAN. Don't like what?

LAD. I should hate to think that Lovell's sister loved a British officer.

HISTORIAN. Did you ever hear of a woman named Helen, who once passed ten years at Troy?

LAD. Surely. But what has she to do with it?

HISTORIAN. Just this. Young Lovell's sister was one of the chief reasons that the British lost the Town of Boston.

LAD. Really! How was that?

HISTORIAN. There's a line in Latin, "*Saepe transeo in castra hostium, non transfuga, sed speculator*". Know what that means?

LAD. Well . . . I . . . I realize I should know . . .

HISTORIAN. It was a wise old Roman philosopher named Seneca who said that. "I often go over to the camp of the enemy, not as a deserter but as a spy".

LAD. And Miss Lovell was a spy!

HISTORIAN. No, she was no spy. But she did a mighty clever piece of work for the continental forces.

LAD. What was that?

HISTORIAN. She wound poor Cleveland around her finger so tightly, and turned the poor boy's head so completely, that he did the silliest thing an artillery officer can do.

LAD. What was that?

HISTORIAN. Made a mistake as regards his ammunition.

LAD (*disappointed*). Is that all?

HISTORIAN. It was enough son. It was enough.

LAD. What was wrong with the ammunition?



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HISTORIAN. Oh, the ammunition was all right in its way. Good dry powder, solid shot, plenty of it, and all that. It was good ammunition, but it just wouldn't fit the British guns.

LAD. Wouldn't fit the British guns!

HISTORIAN. It wouldn't fit their guns. And since the British didn't feel equal to bowling the ammunition up the hill at the Americans, it was altogether useless.

LAD. Oh, oh! I'll bet Cleveland was the butt of half the jokes in Boston that winter!

HISTORIAN. He certainly became the joke of Boston. Just imagine the result when that story went the rounds in the taverns. I can see the continentals laughing over their flagons of ale and telling how schoolmaster Lovell's daughter silenced every British gun in Boston!

[BLACKOUT]

ACT II. SCENE 2

TAVERN

PERSONS IN SCENE:

Two Tories	Two subalterns
Two Patriots at separate tables	Tavern keeper

1ST TORY. Are they still bringing wounded officers up in those carriages?

2ND TORY. Yes, and 'twill continue for hours I fear.

1ST PATRIOT (*aside*). Damn Tories.

2ND PATRIOT. Sh! or Gage will lock you up.

1ST TORY. Those rebels will feel the King's vengeance yet! Every officer and soldier is inflamed against them tonight.

2ND TORY. Ragamuffins! There must have been thou-



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sands of them. Why General Gage had to send reinforcements twice to General Howe.

1ST PATRIOT. Good thing he did or Howe'd be in a carriage tonight.

2ND PATRIOT. Be quiet or you'll be with Lovell and Leach tonight.

1ST PATRIOT. Haven't they been tried yet?

2ND PATRIOT. No. Young Lovell is being held without trial.

1ST TORY (*loud*). What marvelous determination our troops had in the face of the opposition. Up Bunker's Hill twice in the face of withering fire and the third time over the top to get Warren and his kind.

2ND TORY. They are his Majesty's best regiments and we have reason to be proud of them.

1ST PATRIOT. Is old schoolmaster Lovell with us?

2ND PATRIOT. No! But young schoolmaster Lovell is.

1ST PATRIOT. What a power of oratory he had on the Boston Massacre! Said to stand for liberty!

2ND PATRIOT. The Latin School is closed now.

1ST PATRIOT. Yes, Gage closed it. Said it bred rebels and tyrants.

(*Enter two subalterns, one wounded slightly, talking*)

1ST SUB. I tell you that Cleveland will be broken.

2ND SUB. Is it really true that Howe made that statement?

1ST SUB. Yes, I heard him. We were at Moulton's Point ready to charge. The ships of war were firing on the redoubt. Howe ordered the artillery to commence.

2ND SUB. And nothing happened!

1ST SUB. Captain Sherwin, the General's aide-de-camp hastened up to inform the General that the shot was too large for the field pieces. So we had to wait.

2ND SUB. More time for the rebels to dig in.

1ST SUB. Howe was very angry and exclaimed, "Fatal

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error" "What delusion drives Col. Cleveland to pass all his time with the schoolmaster's daughter instead of minding his business"?

2ND SUB. So he knew about Mistress Lovell?

1ST SUB. Yes. Everyone knows that. Tell me, they say she's very beautiful.

2ND SUB. Yes. Haven't you met her? She lives near Gen. Gage's headquarters.

1ST SUB. No. I haven't seen her yet, but truly Cleveland must be quite smitten. Let's go.

1ST PATRIOT. I hope she keeps him in a trance.

2ND PATRIOT. More her brother's sister than her father's daughter.

EXIT

Toast 1ST PATRIOT. I hope she continues to cast her spell.

2ND PATRIOT. To the thousand British officers and men killed and wounded on Bunker's Hill, may all the King's hirelings follow.

TAVERN KEEPER. To the four-hundred martyrs who struck for freedom!

*(After a moment's darkness Historian and Lad again on stage)*

LAD. Can you imagine that! How in the world did she ever get him to bring the wrong ammunition?

HISTORIAN. That secret, son, she carried with her to the grave. There are strange things done in this world, son, things that men never understand. Most of them are done by women.

LAD. She was worth a whole army of generals, I'd say.

HISTORIAN. Now . . .

LAD. Sir?

HISTORIAN. Let me ask you a few questions about your

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school. How many signers of the Declaration of Independence attended Latin School?

LAD. Five.

HISTORIAN. Splendid! Who were they?

LAD. There was Benjamin Franklin, and Samuel Adams, and Robert Treat Paine, and . . . and . . .

HISTORIAN. Yes, go on. Two more.

LAD. Now, let me think. (*Ponders—then quickly*) John Hancock!

HISTORIAN. That's right. One to go.

LAD. I'll get it yet. Don't tell me. (*Deep thought*). I know! William Hooper.

HISTORIAN. Splendid! You justify the existence of the History Department at the old school.

LAD. Perhaps, although I've heard the opposite intimated in the classroom. But when you think of it—you do brush shoulders with the immortals in the corridors of Boston Latin!

HISTORIAN. Some of the greatest men our country has produced were once students at Boston Latin. Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Robert Treat Paine, many others I could name . . .

LAD. What a time those men must have had after the Revolution, talking over the old days at the school.

HISTORIAN. I don't imagine they ever met as a group again. Still, it's an interesting thought. Just imagine a Boston tavern, the old firebrand Sam Adams there, and Benjamin Franklin back from France, and John Hancock, whose signature must have been one of the major glories of his writing master at the school, talking over the days when America was created. The days when they carved their imperishable niche in the corridors of time. I can see them now, talking over the old days, talking, laughing, happy in the fulfillment of their dearest desires.

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Just picture Adams and Franklin sitting there, talking ----

[BLACKOUT]

ACT II. SCENE 3

A TAVERN

PERSONS IN SCENE:

Samuel Adams  
Benjamin Franklin

John Hancock  
Boy

*(Samuel Adams and Benjamin Franklin are discovered at a table. Franklin has one foot bandaged and resting on a chair.)*

ADAMS. Boy! Another flagon of ale! *(pushes over tankard)*

FRANKLIN. I think you've had enough of that, Sam. Water's the thing. I've stuck by water the better part of my life.

ADAMS. Yes, yes, I know, Ben; and now you've got the gout! *(points to Franklin's foot)*. You weren't such a reformer when you went to Boston Latin School. And I'm told you had a *grand* time in Paris with Louis. You should save your gems of philosophy for "Poor Richard's Almanac" instead of trying them out on an old friend.

*(Boy returns with flagon for Adams)*

FRANKLIN. Life has moved so fast of late and so many things have happened that I've lost track of most of the old boys we knew at school. Tell me about Henry Knox. I heard something about his activities here while I was in Paris.

ADAMS. You heard, of course, of how he enabled Gen. Washington to drive the British out of Boston?

FRANKLIN. Tell me about that!

ADAMS. Well, sir, it was a hard winter we had, with the



*Schoolhouse South Side of School Street (1748-1812)*





port of Boston closed up tighter than a drum; British everywhere in the town, their fleet out in the harbor, and our own men from the surrounding countryside trying vainly to rout them out. Gen. Washington found himself in command of a besieging army without a single heavy gun. Small chance he had to lay siege successfully to the town had not Henry Knox volunteered to bring some heavy guns across country from Ticonderoga.

FRANKLIN. Yes, go on.

ADAMS (*rising*). Well, these particular guns had been captured from the British in May of '75. All during the following winter, Knox and his men worked like Trojans, building sledges and borrowing oxen from the farmers and finally succeeded in dragging those cannons from Ticonderoga clear across country to Washington's lines on the outskirts of Boston.

FRANKLIN. A worthy feat, indeed!

ADAMS. The rest, I suppose you know. With these guns and some powder captured from a British vessel, Washington was able to take the offensive. He seized Dorchester Heights, fortified them and forced the British to evacuate during the following spring,—on March seventeenth, to be exact. So you see, his work was mighty important to Gen. Washington.

FRANKLIN. And to the whole country, Sam! Why, the course of the war might have been different and all my work in Paris gone to naught but for men like Henry Knox.

(*There is a slamming of a heavy door offstage, and Hancock comes in.*)

HANCOCK. What ho! What's this? It can't be Ben Franklin! (*He shakes Franklin's hand vigorously*).

FRANKLIN. John Hancock! (*He does not rise as he greets Hancock because of his foot.*)

HANCOCK (*turning to Adams*). I knew I'd find you

here, Sam, but Franklin! Why, I didn't even know you were here in Boston. I thought you were in Philadelphia, flying your kite.

FRANKLIN. It *is* a long time since we have talked together, John. And what things have happened since we two signed the Declaration of Independence!

ADAMS. Since *you two* signed the Declaration of Independence! Now don't forget me, my good friends. There were five of us from the Boston Latin School among the signers, you know.

HANCOCK. That's right, there were! There were Bob Paine, William Hooper, you two and I, and all from the Latin School. Boy! Boy! A flagon of ale! We'll drink to the memory of our ancient school.

*(Adams and Hancock seat themselves at the table.)*

ADAMS *(to boy as he goes out)*. And you might bring a glass of water for Mr. Franklin *(laughter)*.

HANCOCK. Well, this is quite a reunion. How much water has gone under the bridge since we old boys have been together.

ADAMS. So Ben and I were saying before you came in, John. *(Boy reenters with ale and they fill their tankards)*

To the old school and the old boys!

*(They drink)*

FRANKLIN. Those were the happy days. But we are now entering a new era of even happier days. Science will solve many of our problems; lightning will be harnessed and used by men for their practical needs and in their industries. This nation, certainly, will grow prosperous and expand beyond our brightest dreams!

HANCOCK. I believe you are right, Ben! — But you haven't yet said, Ben, just what brings you here to your native town.

FRANKLIN. I have an important mission here, John. I wish to enlist the aid of men like you and Adams in order

to carry out a project of mine which has been adopted by the new Federal government.

ADAMS AND HANCOCK. What is the project?

FRANKLIN. I propose to cut down the time required for the delivery of mails from here to New York.

ADAMS. Impossible!

FRANKLIN. Not at all! It is very simple. We shall have frequent changes of horses and drivers along the mail routes. With fresh, untired carriers, the post will proceed at top speed always, and the time required for delivery will be cut down from five to two days! What do you think of the plan?

HANCOCK. Excellent, Franklin!

ADAMS. But the roads won't allow for such speed. They are in such poor condition.

FRANKLIN. That is where I wish for the help of you two gentlemen. You will arrange having the road kept in good repair at all times of the year. In this way, we can facilitate the journey of the mail coaches and assure quick delivery of all our posts.

ADAMS. If it can be done, it will mark the dawn of a new era.

FRANKLIN. It can and it shall be done! We shall call it the Boston Post Road.

HANCOCK. Yes, I believe it can be done, and it will be done. For what achievements have been accomplished under the leadership of Latin's School boys! (*rising*) Concord and Lexington, Bunker Hill, Dorchester Heights, the Declaration of Independence! Boy, another tankard of ale.

[CURTAIN]



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

ACT III. SCENE 1

SCENE—*Latin School Alumni dinner, 1876. Graduates of school arranged about banquet table, Ralph Waldo Emerson speaking:*

I dare not attempt to say anything to you, because, in my old age, I am forgetting the word I should speak. I can't remember anybody's name, not even my recollections of the Latin School. I have, therefore, guarded against absolute silence by bringing you a few reminiscences I have written. When I entered the Latin School, 9 or 10 years old, William Bigelow was Master. The schoolhouse was very old and shabby, and it was decided to pull it down and rebuild it on the same ground. In wintering, the scholars were removed to the old wooden block on the Milldam, and soon after to a loft on Pemberton Hill. You need not seek for the places, for you cannot find them. One was where the B. and M. Depot now stands, and the other was where Scollay's building stood, now called Tremont Row. We are now coming to the new schoolhouse, rebuilt where the Parker House now stands.

A few days afterward the School Committee, Mr. Bulfinch, the famous architect who built our State House and Capitol at Washington, Mr. Thacher, Mr. Wells, the rest of the Committee if there were more, or their friends, came to school and introduced Mr. Benjamin Gould as the new Master. Mr. Thacher addressed us, and expressed every confidence in the high merits of Mr. Gould as a scholar and a gentleman, and congratulated the boys upon his appointment. As soon as the Committee took their hats and turned the door, the boys began to buzz their opinion of the new Master in low tones. Mr. Gould turned round to them and lifted his finger to command silence which was instantly obeyed, and from that moment he ruled.



He was an excellent Master and loved a good scholar, and waked his ambition. Frederick Percival Leverett was at the head of my class, and long afterward Master of the school. William Foster Otis, son of Harrison Gray Otis was another member of the class. George A. Otis, Edward G. Loring, now judge at Washington, John Gardner, Theodore Russell of Cambridge—these names are still known to you. Mr. Gould in his first year waked the ambition of the boys to do. He did not forget his scholars when they entered college, but came to see them there and especially if he found that they were losing ground in any department of study. Mr. Gould one day informed the school that there was a rumor that the British Government was going to send a hostile fleet to Boston harbor, and that a gentleman had desired that the boys of the school should give one day to assist in throwing up defenses on Noddle Island, and that all who were ready and willing to go should be at the bottom of Hanover Street the next day at 9 o'clock, when a boat would be waiting to carry them to the island. The whole school went. I went (*applause*), but I confess that I cannot remember a stroke of work (*laughter*) which I or my school-fellows accomplished (*renewed laughter*). Whether the news of this action on the part of the Latin School reached England and decided their government to sue for peace, I have never learned (*Applause and laughter*). But enough of reminiscing.

Bound together as we are by the ties which this school has created for us, we are rebels among one another. Wendell Phillips and William Evarts seated near me both maintain that public education has deteriorated since our time for it teaches nothing that will educate the heart as well as the head. But with President Eliot, down here on my right, I don't believe in deterioration as the world goes on. As Whittier would say, "All the good the past time

had remains to make our own time glad". I believe that our generation, like those that have preceded us, will contribute something to the stock of good which we inherited. The scholar, educated by the influences of nature, books, and the world, has but one office—despite the difficulties standing in his way like the tameness and timidity of the American mind so long taught to aim at low objects; and that office is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing facts amidst appearances. The scholar is the world's eye, the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions—these he shall receive and impart. And what has all this to do with our being here to celebrate this 100th anniversary of the reopening of Latin School after the war? It is this. Our strongest feeling, I think, tonight is a great admiration, profound respect for the PURPOSE of the school, conceived nearly 250 years ago in poverty and feebleness, and adhered to by the people of Boston through all the changes it has seen—political, religious, and industrial. The idea of training boys in more liberal ways, beyond the narrow limit of immediate utility and of giving them knowledge of studies which shorten and cheer human life. It is this purpose of the school which raises it in our eyes, just as a high purpose, persistently followed, sanctifies any living and makes all the difference between heaven and hell. And then there is another strong feeling which comes to my mind whenever the Boston Latin School is named—I mean the sentiment of intense local affection and pride. We all of us love this good City of Boston. Love's the word, gentlemen. No weaker one will express it. (*Applause*) It is said that the

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character of new places which grow up around a cotton mill or grain elevator or iron furnace or forge, is affected by the industry; but we know that in this old Town of Boston, which grew up about meeting houses and schoolhouses, about some fort-crowned hills and a public common—that it is the character of its people which has determined its industries, and not its industries that have determined the character of the people. Well, now, such an institution as this Latin School of ours, so high in purpose, so unremitting in its work, has had a profound effect in moulding and determining the character of this people. And, therefore, it is because we love Boston that we desire to see this school live and thrive, bearing the same honored name, having the same high purpose and maintaining its original organization. (*Applause*).

### ACT III. SCENE 2

SCENE: Gardner's desk in the Latin School on Bedford Street.

#### PERSONS IN SCENE:

Francis Gardner, headmaster. Committee of Latin School boys  
1851-1876

(*Gardner is discovered at his desk. Beside him is a banner, much like the Roman banners of old. Enter three boys in Civil War uniforms.*)

BOYS. Good morning, Mr. Gardner.

GARDNER. Good morning, Boys. I have asked you to come to see me that I may show the regard I hold for both you and the North. (*He takes the banner from beside him.*) You boys are about to fight against the South. Brother against brother, father against son. Does it not



bring back to you the days when Rome was torn by Civil strife? You sat at desks in this building and learned of Pompey, Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Antony and Octavius. You learned how they forgot the glory of Rome and sought aggrandizement of self. How the great Republic, torn by internal strife became an Empire. And how the Empire declined. If there is anything in the world that I despise it is a sham. Some of these men were true to one belief—their own power. No Latin School Boy thinks of that at a time such as this. This war is not a war of individuals but a war of principle. That Latin School should furnish men to this war—a war for principle, I repeat—is fitting and just. The school is over two hundred years old. We have seen the French and Indian Wars, and the Latin School Boys served well. We have lived through the Revolution, when Franklin, Adams, Hancock, Hooper, Lovell, and countless others, Latin School Boys, who served in the ranks, brought glory to our School. The courage, the forbearance of these men is yours by inheritance. It is a sacred trust to carry on! Do you accept the trust?

Boys. We do!

GARDNER. Through all the years since the Revolution, the War of 1812, the slavery question, the Mexican War, in every case Latin School Boys have played their part, some greater than others. Now comes your turn. "We all of us love our city and our country. We know that in the north it is the character of the people that determines its industries, not, as in the south, the industries that have determined the character of the people". An institution such as our Latin School, with its unremitting work, has a profound effect on the country. You have seen its effect. Let your effect be good.

Some of the Latin School Boys are never coming back. Your blood is to stain the green fields of your country.

Let not this fact detain you in your solemn call. The principle for which you strive is high—so high that only later years can see the height. Do not, in looking at these Olympian tops feel that your effort alone will reach the summit. Strive for your goal but be not deterred by apparent failure. Keep your head high,—remember, *Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus*. You are on your way. Remember the past, look to the future. See that your memory will stay green at the altar of Alma Mater.

FIRST BOY. Mr. Gardner . . .

GARDNER. Yes, son?

BOY. We may never see each other again. I know that, my comrades here know it too. It is not a time for idle compliments. But let me try to tell you what you and The School mean to us. You worked us hard when we were here in school, and today we respect hard work. You made us feel that the worth-while things in life are honesty and self-respect and service to each other, and these are the ideals we hope to cherish in the hard days that lie before us.

GARDNER. And you will, son. You will all do that. The School will be as proud of you as she is of any generation that has gone before you. (*As he is speaking a bugle calls far in the distance. The boys instinctively stiffen and stand at attention. The call fades away, and they relax slightly. Gardner takes the flag from the stand. There is a confused noise off-stage, as of an approaching crowd. In the far distance men can be heard singing "The Battle Cry of Freedom"*)

GARDNER. Here is the School Flag, boys. Bear it with honor! (*The singing is clearer and louder now. "Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"*)

BOY. Indeed we will, sir! And I'll bring you back one of Johnny Reb's caps as a souvenir!!



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(Off-stage. "We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!")

Boys. Good-bye, sir! See you in four months!

(The boys leave and Gardner stands alone, in silence. Drums are rolling and brasses sounding. The singing is clear and loud).

(Off-stage. "The Union forever! Hurrah! boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, up with the stars! While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!!")

(As the song rises to its climax, Gardner sinks to his knees before his desk, and buries his face in his hands in silent prayer. He is praying as the curtain falls.)

ACT III. SCENE 3

SCENE: A building in Washington, D. C.

TIME: 1903.

PERSONS IN SCENE:

Two citizens  
A young man

Two reporters  
Samuel Langley

(The curtain falls for a moment in the middle of this scene to represent the passage of several months.)

1ST CITIZEN. Why, sir, it is preposterous. To think of a Latin School graduate wasting his time with gadgets that fly through the air.

2ND CITIZEN. And still holding his position with the Smithsonian.

1ST CITIZEN. That's just it. What must the country think when it hears that the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute wastes his time flying thingamabobs around.

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2ND CITIZEN. Some say his intensive work of the last few years has left its mark upon the man.

1ST CITIZEN. Why, no! I went to Latin School with him. Langley is not quite sixty yet. What I object to is a great physicist wasting his time on impossibilities. Flying little kites through the air and trying to propel them like ships. Let him stick to his field of solar research.

2ND CITIZEN. But who would be able to find out about the air, sir?

1ST CITIZEN. We know enough about it! It's good to breathe when it's fresh and not so good when it isn't. We must have it and can hardly get away from it. But to want to float on it or ride on it! This man Langley is trying to invent a machine that can fly through the air. He thinks iron and wood can go on air just as they do on the ground and on steel rails.

2ND CITIZEN. Flying in the face of God! I call it, sir.

1ST CITIZEN. You're right, all the great minds of the country think this radicalism must stop. To think of a great scientist in his position advocating such silly ideas! Why he should be removed from his honored position before he disgraces the institute. Soon no respectable man not scientist will care to be seen with him.

2ND CITIZEN. Yes, that is so. A man is known by his company.

PAPER BOY (*off-stage*). Wuxtry! Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about the air machine! Flies like a bird! Wuxtry, Wuxtry!

1ST CITIZEN. More of this nonsense! Here boy! Boy! Boy! Here. Paper, please. (*Tune of "Wuxtry" fades. Reads aloud.*)

Professor Langley to-day demonstrated the possibilities of mechanical flight at Quantico, V. today. His mechanical model was propelled by a small steam engine of only six pounds. The air machine travelled almost a mile.

Professor Langley was accompanied by Alexander Graham Bell who proved a most interested spectator. The successful experiment proves to be a great advance in science and the people of this country should be justly proud of the achievement of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute (*Turns*). There, now. It's too bad that thing went. People will get worse and worse with these crazy ideas. Turning giddy heads with stuff and nonsense. More money will be spent just to try and do something that's impossible. Why, sir, this flying business violates every principle of nature. The Almighty did not want men to fly. Such a hubbub about nothing! Men wasting time and money on impossibilities. I am amazed that Alexander Bell should lend his presence at such an exhibition. Stuff and nonsense!

2ND CITIZEN. Right you are, sir.

(*Young man enters and speaks.*) That's what you used to say about Bell, uncle! (*Quotes*) Stuff and nonsense! To think of a man wasting time and money trying to talk through a piece of wire. It's contrary to nature. As if the Almighty wanted men to converse when they are miles apart, etc.

Seriously, sir, this man Langley is a great pioneer. We are fortunate in having so great a scientist working on this matter of flying. Why he has already discovered enough to show that it is possible for man to fly through the air.

1ST CITIZEN. And what good would that do him, sir? What does a man want flitting about over trees and houses? Risking his neck acting like a bird to what purpose? Stop this foolish impractical enthusiasm over a dream. Do not be fooled by these new items. Read the editorials in good substantial papers and see what they say.

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YOUNG MAN. But, sir, even editorials cannot deny facts! These air machines belong to the study of physics! With his little toys the Professor has already found that a one-horse power engine will propel 200 pounds at the rate of forty miles per hour. That's a fact sir! There's no argument there.

1ST CITIZEN. Young man, the alchemists were physicists also and they tried making gold! (*Laughs!*) What does a practical man do about such nonsense? Nothing! Forget this bosh and keep your eye on the account books and you'll make a mark in the world! (*Struts out.*)

YOUNG MAN (*hopelessly*). You can't argue with a self-made merchant. (*Fervently*) All I hope is that the professor proves uncle is wrong!

[CURTAIN FALLS FOR A MOMENT]

(*When curtain rises, two reporters are on stage*)

1ST REPORTER. What! Does the *Clarion* want an interview too? I thought the Old Man was crazy sending me up to see this professor, but I guess it's the fashion.

2ND REPORTER. Yes, he wants to know if Langley still thinks that machines are like birds. Do you think he will see us?

1ST REPORTER. Oh well, I don't know. All the papers gave him a real hiding last week about that machine that went plop into the water. Ha! Ha!

2ND REPORTER. That's what I was thinking. Did you see what his old home town paper the *Boston Globe* said?

1ST REPORTER. Did I? But what did you expect? What would happen if your grandmother jumped off a boat? Well, that's what happened to this crazy looking box of an air machine! Down it went into the briny deep. Well, we reporters get crazy assignments. Imagine being sent over to see a man that thinks a box will fly if you put



wings on it! (*Yawns*) Ho hum! And to top it off he puts in an iron engine to push it up. (*Shaking head*) There's genius for you.

2ND REPORTER. But tell me do you really think it's all wrong?

1ST REPORTER. Say, young fellow, don't you fellows from the *Clarion* even read the papers? Do I think it's wrong? And the government throwing away money like that? Wow!

2ND REPORTER. Cut it! Here he comes.

BOTH. Sir, we're Sweeney from the *Post* and McIntyre from the *Clarion*.

2ND REPORTER. We would like a statement on whether or not you will try to build more air machines.

LANGLEY. Gentlemen, that costs money and I have very little. It may be that the government will make another appropriation later.

1ST REPORTER. Do you think these machines will fly?

LANGLEY. Sir, I have already shown that such a machine will fly. Unfortunately, this machine which we just constructed got caught in the launching gear and was wrecked.

1ST REPORTER. (*Shaking his head*) Thank you, sir!

(*They exit*)

(*Langley alone in study. Sits and ponders. Going over to a little model*)

Will these machines fly? Will wood and steel fly? (*Using a glider on stage*) Of course they will fly, but that machine did not. (*Slumps in chair*) (*Soliloquy*) I have proved that wood and iron may fly successfully in accordance with the laws of physics! Given a certain angle and sufficient propulsion the plane rises in the air! It cannot be otherwise. It is an inevitable result. Then as



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the forward speed increases the air resistance decreases.  
These air machines will be capable of great speed.

*(Going over to window)*

Oh! what a great highway that is up there! And soon  
it will be open! Great air machines flying far and wide  
over land and sea, cities and towns.

[CURTAIN]





*Schoolhouse South Side of School Street (1812-1844)*



## PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL HALL OF FAME

High above our heads are the names of the sons that Alma Mater has especially singled out as worthy of highest honor. Some of these sons have trodden our boards today; to others, no less distinguished, it is meet that a proper measure of recognition should be accorded. One by one we are to call them forth, to grant them a passing moment of recognition within the pages of our book. First we evoke one to whom the School and the Colony were much indebted in the days when School and Colony were young,

COTTON MATHER, born in 1663, died in 1728, divine, scholar, man of letters, from whose fluent pen came forth 382 works during a life that was moderate in years but most fertile in productivity. To Cotton Mather, whose "Magnalia Christi" was the first work of major literary merit the Colony produced, the School today pays homage.

Next comes one whose name looms large in the story of those days when our nation came into being,

JOHN LEVERETT, born in 1662, died in 1724, Speaker of the Colonial Legislature and President of Harvard College. A man of great adaptability, in 1704 he served as commissioner to the Indians, and three years later assumed the far different responsibilities at Port Royal.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, born in 1731, died in 1814, clergyman and lawyer, one of the band of patriots whose



names have been immortalized in our Declaration of Independence. He served his native land as legislator, attorney-general, and Justice of the Supreme Court, brilliant alike as a scholar and a wit.

The next is a man whose name is likewise remembered with honor among the founders of our country,

WILLIAM HOOPER, born in 1742, died in 1790, a native of Boston who passed the greater part of his days in the South, who served in the Continental Congress in 1774 and boldly affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence.

After him comes one of the martial heroes of our nation,

HENRY KNOX, born in 1750, died in 1806, colonel under Washington, by whose dauntless perseverance cannon were brought in the depth of winter through the snow-filled passes of the Berkshires, down the bemired mountain path that was then the Mohawk Trail, the cannon that made it possible for the patriots to drive the British from Boston. He served with honor at Jamestown, Brandywine and Yorktown, and when peace came still served his nation as Secretary of War in Washington's cabinet.

Then comes an educator and jurist,

JAMES BOWDOIN, born in 1727, died in 1790, member of the Continental Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, distinguished alike in war and peace. By him Shays' Rebellion was quelled, by him the American Academy of Arts and Sciences was founded. Today Bowdoin College perpetuates his name.

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After him comes an educator and clergyman,

SAMUEL LANGDON, born in 1723, died in 1797, he served as chaplain in the army at Louisburg and returned to be vested with the post of President of Harvard College. Through the trying years of the Revolution he guided the Revolution, inspired equally by love of learning and a love for liberty, and then, a colonial Cincinnatus, he returned to the quiet life he loved in the vicarage at Hampton Falls, N. H.

Then follows an educator and jurist,

JOSIAH QUINCY, born in 1744, died in 1775, one who early recognized that the Revolution was inevitable and one who shared in that gesture of defiance we call the Boston Tea Party. From his pen came that noble prayer in the hour of upheaval, "I see clouds which now rise thick and fast upon our horizon, the thunders roll, and the lightnings play, and to that God who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm, I commit my country".

After him comes

CHRISTOPHER GORE, born in 1758, died in 1827, distinguished ornament of the Massachusetts bar, first Governor of Massachusetts, then senator from Massachusetts, whose beneficence a grateful University across the Charles remembers with appropriate honors.

After him is

EDWARD EVERETT, born in 1794, died in 1865, clergyman, statesman and orator, who combined the preaching of the will of God with daily service to his fellowmen.

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

Four times Governor of Massachusetts, a man of liberal and kindly heart, who gave his utmost that the bane of slavery might vanish from America, who scaled the heights of oratory on the field of Gettysburg in a speech studded with splendid brilliants of rhetoric, but bedimmed by the clear, cool, perfect lustre of one pearl of speech from the lips of Abraham Lincoln.

And next comes one who successfully met the challenge Fate flung at him when she decreed for him the name of

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, born in 1808, died in 1895, a clergyman of reverend and pious character, but today we know him as composer of one of our best beloved patriotic anthems, what is to all of us the old, familiar, "My country, 'tis of thee".

And next comes

CHARLES SUMNER, born in 1811, died in 1874, who for twelve years represented his native state on the floor of the United States Senate and fought with the full fervor of crusading zeal against slavery, which was to him the darkest blot on our national pages. A man of probity and honor, his life epitomized the implications of his famous epigram, "Public office is a public trust".

After him comes

WENDELL PHILLIPS, born in 1811, died in 1884, orator and implacable foe of slavery, a man who knew no compromise with moral issues, a man who walked straight in the path of the Lord, and said, "One on God's side is a majority".

The next is a man of letters,

#### TERCENTENARY PAGEANT

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, born in 1814, died in 1877, whose "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is one of the cherished classics of American scholarship. A man of public spirit, for ten years he served his nation abroad as minister to the courts of Austria and England.

The next is a man of God,

JOHN BERNARD FITZPATRICK, born in 1812, died in 1866, the third Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, one of the most skillful organizers the Church has ever known in the New World, whose pre-eminence was recognized by Harvard College in 1861, when it granted to him the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology.

After him comes a brilliant lawyer and statesman,

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, born in 1818, died in 1901, Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Johnson, Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Hayes. To his legal acumen was entrusted the prosecution of Jefferson Davis.

Again we see a son of Boston Latin who won honor in the Church,

HENRY WARD BEECHER, born in 1813, died in 1887, clergyman, abolitionist, orator, whose oratorical brilliance in the cause of abolition complemented the tear-drenched pages that have made a household word of the name of his sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe. A man of deep and penetrating vision, he preached a social order in which women would share the rights of men, an order then derided as a moon-struck fantasy, but today, when his prophecies have become prosaic fact, has lost its tonic qualities.



## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

Next a soldier who fought with honor in the Civil War,

CHARLES DEVENS, born in 1820, died in 1891, who won honor on the fields of Fair Oaks, Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor, attained the rank of Major General, later served as Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Hayes and ended his days as a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. To the veterans of a later war, the name Camp Devens has a familiar ring.

Again a man of letters comes before us,

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD, born in 1825, died in 1896, the man who garnered from every available source the vanishing songs of the older peoples of Great Britain and preserved them for future generations. His work is a masterpiece of scholarship that will endure as long as the English speaking races preserve an interest and love for the background from which their modern culture has emerged.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, born in 1834, died in 1926, who assumed the presidency of Harvard when the University was provincial in its outlook and retrogressive in its methods. He left it truly a University, the model that American collegiate education has largely followed for half a century, an institution that looks forward to a finer future and not backward to an outmoded past.

Again a man of letters,

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, born in 1822, died in 1909, once a teacher at Boston Latin and later the preacher of a liberal and progressive theology, his monument is a story that ranks among the foremost in our literature,



## TERCENTENARY PAGEANT

"The Man Without a Country", the most effectual incentive to patriotism American letters have yet produced.

MARTIN MILMORE, born in Ireland in 1844, died in Boston in 1883, who rose from the lower to the higher arts, first as a cabinet maker, then a stone-cutter, and lastly a sculptor of sound taste and sure execution. His greatest artistic success was the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on Boston Common. When 38 he died, and above his grave at Forest Hills stands one of the glorious masterpieces of American art, Chester Daniel French's "Death and the Young Sculptor", an imperishable memorial at once to the nobility and to the tragedy of Milmore's life.

Next comes a man of science,

EDWARD CHARLES PICKERING, born in 1846, died in 1919, an instructor at Harvard and Mass. Institute of Technology, he later became director of the Harvard Observatory. In the field of stellar photography he was the acknowledged leader, and in his footsteps those have followed whose task it is to classify the stellar bodies.

The next is a man of the Lord,

MATTHEW HARKINS, born in 1846, died in 1921, first priest and then bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, who learned his theology in the seminaries of the Old World and soon rose to pre-eminence in the sacred councils of the New. In 1887 he was elevated to the bishopric of Providence, R. I., and there he ended his days, a man of piety and sanctity, honored, revered and loved by a grateful flock.

The next is a man of sterling eloquence,

PHILLIPS BROOKS, born in 1835, died in 1893, once a teacher at Boston Latin, he found his true vocation in the service of the Lord. A great bishop, a greater preacher, he was greatest as a superbly moulded and harmoniously developed man, glowing with human sympathy and spiritual light. His creed was simple and inescapable. "Preaching is the communication of truth by man to man. It has two essential elements, truth and personality. Preaching is the bringing of truth through personality."

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, born in 1834, died in 1919, a banker of probity and character, a soldier who bled for his nation in the war between the states, his name is honoured as that of one who gave generously of his ample means that the intellectual life of his native city might be enriched. Through him was made possible in Boston what has been in the past and what many consider today the finest orchestral music in the world.

## EPILOGUE

AND thus, friends, we end the story in our book. The long pageant of the centuries is ended, but the light of learning kindled in our city three hundred years ago still gleams, and not too fitfully, we hope. The sombre Puritan fathers who created our school, those sturdy warriors of the Lord, proud and unbending in their righteousness, have bent before the years, and become a proud memory in the nation's past. The ardent idealists who won the nation's liberty, who dreamed of a sovereign people, of freedom and equality and life with dignity and then transmuted their dreams into glorious reality, are enshrined in a past that will not be forgotten. The defenders of the union, who fought and bled that these ideals might be preserved, have passed, save for a scattered few, to their honorable rest. The statesmen, the clergymen, the educators, the writers, the physicians, all who passed their boyhood years at Latin School and then went on to enrich and elevate and beautify their city and their nation, we remember today and honor their memory. These men have not wholly died; many things that are substantial and good in life today we owe to them. Our recognition is an act of homage.

But, in a sense, our book is not ended nor is its end in sight. The epic of America goes on, and our chapter has not reached fulfillment. Today a high challenge faces the youth of America. Our elders face the necessary task of saving for our people a life of freedom and equality and dignity; soon the problem will be ours. Every generation moulds a new America; every generation is partly loyal to and partly rebellious from its heritage of tradition. In this we are at one with our ancestors. Through the history of every nation there runs a thread of high idealism preserved in its finest spirits, an idealism which may at times be shadowed by the tawdry and the mean, but can never be totally obscured. Behind the murky prejudice and fanaticism of Puritan New England was the pure flame of a high moral purpose, beneath the coarse exterior of life in half-formed settlements our Revolutionary forefathers had an ennobled vision of the dignity of individual man, above the bitterness and selfishness of sectional hatreds reigned an uncompromising sense of national unity. On

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

the blank pages of the future are adumbrated noble and imposing figures, the men of today and tomorrow who devote their lives to this end, that America of the future may be inspired by a high moral purpose, that in it men may live in freedom and equality and dignity, that the nation may be bound in indissoluble unity. When the dross of today and tomorrow has been burned away, their figures only will remain. Latin School has given such figures to America in the past. Let the aspiration of the School be simply this: Among the moulders of our nation in the future, may some be sons of Boston Latin.



THE HEAD MASTER AND THE ALUMNI  
OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL  
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE  
AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE  
THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE FOUNDING OF THE SCHOOL  
TO BE HELD AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON  
OF TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE  
SYMPHONY HALL  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

*(Facsimile of invitation to exercises in Symphony Hall)*





THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL  
THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY  
MDCXXXV:MDCCCCXXXV  
SYMPHONY HALL:23 APRIL 1935



## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

1635 : 1935

TO have existed for three hundred years, as things go, is remarkable; much more remarkable to have been constant, through those three hundred years, to one purpose and function. There may be older schools in other countries; but almost always they have suffered a complete change of spirit and have endured only by ceasing to be themselves. Even the neighboring Harvard College, one year younger than the Latin School, has undergone radical transformations, losing its original directive mission, and becoming a complex mirror of the complex society which it serves. But the Latin School, in its simpler sphere, has remained faithfully Latin. In spite of all revolutions and all the pressure of business and all the powerful influences inclining America to live in contemptuous ignorance of the rest of the world, and especially of the past, the Latin School, supported by the people of Boston, has kept the embers of traditional learning alive, at which the humblest rush-light might always be lighted; has kept the highway clear for every boy to the professions of theology, law, medicine, and teaching, and a window open to his mind from these times to all other times and from this place to all other places.

This fidelity to tradition, I am confident, has and will have its reward. The oldest forms of life, barring accidents, have the longest future. New ideas in their violence and new needs in their urgency pass like a storm; and then the old earth, scarred and enriched by those trials, finds itself still under the same sky, unscarred and pure as before. The Latin language and the study of classic antiquity are the chief bond for western nations with the humanities, with the normalities of human nature; and this not merely by transporting us, as in a vision, to some detached civilization—as Greek studies might do if taken alone—but by bringing us down step by step through all the vicissitudes of Christendom to our own age, and giving us a sound sense for the moral forces and the moral issues that now concern us. The merely modern man never knows what he is about. A Latin education, far from alienating

us from our own world, teaches us to discern the amiable traits in it, and the genuine achievements; helping us, amid so many distracting problems, to preserve a certain balance and dignity of mind, together with a sane confidence in the future.

G. SANTAYANA, '82

## ORDER OF EXERCISES

ORGAN PRELUDE: EDWARD PRESCOTT ILLINGWORTH, '06

PRESENTATION OF THE CHAIRMAN, PATRICK THOMAS CAMPBELL, '89  
*President of the Alumni Association*  
By Head Master JOSEPH LAWRENCE POWERS, '96

ORCHESTRA: Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin" *Wagner*  
ARTHUR FIEDLER, '14, conducting

INVOCATION: RABBI JOSEPH SOLOMON SHUBOW, '16

CHORUS: "Prayer of Thanksgiving" *Kremser*  
ARCHIBALD THOMPSON DAVISON, '02, conducting

ADDRESS: CARL DREYFUS, '91, representing HIS HONOR  
FREDERICK WILLIAM MANSFIELD  
*Mayor of Boston*

ORCHESTRA: "Academic Overture" *Brahms*

CHORUS: "Ad Scholam Matrem" *Green, '98*

ADDRESS: PAYSON SMITH  
*Commissioner of Education*

ENGLISH POEM: "Enter to Grow in Wisdom"  
ROBERT MONTRAVILLE GREEN, '98.

ADDRESS: CHARLES EDWARD MACKEY  
*Chairman of Boston School Committee*

CHORUS: "Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite" *Händel*

ADDRESS: A. LAWRENCE LOWELL  
*President Emeritus of Harvard University*

ADDRESS: THE HONORABLE JOHN FRANCIS FITZGERALD, '84  
*Chairman, Boston Port Authority*

CHORUS: "Jesu Dulcis" *Vittoria*

BENEDICTION: THE REVEREND MICHAEL JAMES CUDDIHY, '91

### THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

The music is by the Harvard University Glee Club and by Members of  
the Boston Symphony Orchestra



## AD SCHOLAM MATREM

AIR: *Integer Vitae*

Te Scholam matrem patribusque et nobis,  
Te juventutis sociam benignam,  
Te salutamus cum amore magno  
Semper amantes.

Olim alebas nos studiis amoenis,  
Mox senectutem vitiosam oblectas,  
Rebus adversis iter acre praebens  
Perfugiumque.

Nuper aedes has academicas jam  
Struximus annis tibi pro futuris,  
Sicut aedes nos animis molimur  
Splendidiore.

Usque lingua antiqua tua atque cultus  
Floreant Romae ibi sempiternus,  
Donec adsit nobilitas Latina,  
Gloria mundi.

*Program designed by* THEODORE BROWN HAPGOOD, '91





*The Group of Speakers at Symphony Hall*

*Left to Right:* CARL DREYFUS; REV. MICHAEL J. CUDDIHY; DR. PAYSON SMITH; DR. A. LAWRENCE LOWELL; DR. PATRICK T. CAMPBELL;  
HEAD MASTER JOSEPH L. POWERS; DR. CHARLES E. MACKEY; DR. ROBERT M. GREEN; RABBI JOSEPH S. SHUBOW.



# *Exercises*

COMMEMORATING THE THREE  
HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE BOSTON  
LATIN SCHOOL

1

*Presiding*

DOCTOR PATRICK THOMAS CAMPBELL  
*Chairman*

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1935

2:00 P.M.





## TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

(Organ Prelude by Edward Prescott Illingworth, 1906)

### *Head Master Joseph Lawrence Powers*

Doctor Lowell, honored guests and boys of the Boston Latin School, old and young, as Head Master I extend to you and to your families the cordial greeting and warm welcome of your old school to the celebration of this three hundredth birthday. It is only at long intervals that the school thus gathers her sons about her knees; but be assured that, Alma Mater as she is, she has followed you with eyes of pride and solicitude, glorying in your successes and confident that each generation of boys who pass out through her doors will add their mite to the luster of her name, not so much perhaps by their mature achievements as by living lives of personal honor and integrity, of straight thinking, of loyalty and service to God and country. For that is the heritage that has come down to us through three long centuries.

It is my duty and privilege at this time to introduce as the Chairman of these exercises one whose whole life has been concerned with the Latin School, its growth and influence, as pupil, teacher, head master, and now superintendent of schools; so concerned that the institution could be, at this day, referred to as his lengthened shadow. May I present, ladies and gentlemen, the President of the Boston Latin School Alumni Association, Doctor Patrick Thomas Campbell of the Class of 1889. [APPLAUSE.]

### *Doctor Patrick Thomas Campbell*

My part today, boys old and young, friends of the Latin School, is to say as little as possible, or to say as much as possible in as few words as may be. To explain our meeting may I say that we have gathered here to commemorate by these exercises the founding of the Boston Public Latin

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

School and, in that founding, the planting of the seed of public education in America that has made possible the democracy and will make sure its growth is maintained.

We will get on with our program, if you please. Through the courtesy of Mr. John Shepard III, all of these exercises will be broadcast, some in New England and some throughout the country and the rest here in the neighborhood of Boston. Through the generous interest of Arthur Fiedler, Latin School 1914, we are permitted to share in the beautiful harmony of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with Mr. Fiedler directing. The orchestra will now present the Introduction to Act III of Wagner's "Lohengrin."

[Orchestra: Introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin" by Wagner.] [APPLAUSE.]

The CHAIRMAN. As you know the Latin School has always been a vocational school. Its chief duty is to prepare boys for the higher professions and none of course so important as that of the ministry of the altar. We have the privilege now of calling upon Rabbi Joseph Solomon Shubow of the Latin School, Class of 1916, to ask for us the Divine blessing.

*Rabbi Joseph Solomon Shubow*

Please rise with me. (The audience rises.) Our Father who art in Heaven, we are gathered here today to hallow Thy name and to thank Thee for Thy countless blessings. Three hundred years have passed by since Thou didst first cause to dwell, Thy Presence, in the midst of teachers and students, masters and disciples, dedicated to the study of Thy word and consecrated to Thy service, through knowledge, wisdom and the pursuit of truth.

## TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

God of our fathers, we stand before Thee this day in awe and reverence as we remember Thy ceaseless favors, regard Thy endless bounty and delight in Thy abiding, tender mercy. Ten generations have been recorded on the scroll of time since Thou didst first enable us to kindle the everlasting light of learning in Thy halls of wisdom, where souls were purified and characters moulded, through the loving God of our youth, for the greater service of our country and for our own greater happiness.

Like the sires of yore who first laid the foundation of the building we, 30 decades later, their descendants and kinsmen in flesh and in spirit, children not only of the founding fathers but children of all the families of the earth, children of Shem and Ham and Japhet, Christian, Mohammedan and Jew—white, black, brown and yellow—all thoroughly Thine own children, we bless, praise and extol Thy great and holy name and power, on this later day, to hold aloft Thy banner of light, learning and liberty, even as did our forefathers of old.

We beseech Thee, Oh Heavenly Father, continue to give us, the children of our Alma Mater, added wisdom and greater discernment in these days of uncertainty, bewilderment and affliction, to follow Thy instructions and to heed Thy counsel. We implore Thee in this time of trial, perplexity and sorrow, grant unto us and to the future generations who will come forth from the portals of our school, more of Thy understanding, spirit and intent, to heed the cautions of the true men of wisdom who lead us to righteousness, and enable us to reach speedily in our day the land of brotherly love, mutual trust and neighborly respect, even as Thou didst promise to our fathers of long ago, who first brought Thy Sacred Covenant to this new world.

As we dedicate ourselves anew on this festive occasion



to Thy sacred service, through the continued and fruitful labors of our loving Alma Mater, we offer the prayer uttered at the dedication of the Holy Temple as recorded in Sacred Scripture, part of which is incorporated, in its Latin form, on the seal of our glorious city: *Sicut patribus sic nobis*; its original form in the Sacred Tongue being: *Yehi Adonai Elohainu Eemanu Kaasher Hayah Eem Abothainu*. "The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers." Let Him not leave us nor forsake us, that He may incline our hearts on those who walk in all His ways, and to keep His commandments and statutes and judgments which He handed our fathers. Amen.

The CHAIRMAN. The presence here today of the members of the Harvard Glee Club is evidence of that friendly relationship that has always existed between the college and the Latin School. These young gentlemen have generously responded to the request of Doctor Archibald Thompson Davison of the Class of 1902, who for many years was the inspiring leader of the club. As a boy he inaugurated the custom of giving, at the Monday morning assembly of the school, serious musical contributions by talented pupils. Doctor Davison will now lead the club in singing the "Hymn of Thanksgiving" by Kremser. [APPLAUSE]

[Chorus: "Prayer of Thanksgiving" by Kremser. APPLAUSE]

The CHAIRMAN. The Chief Magistrate of the City, Mayor Mansfield, had desired personally to be here and bring to our graduates a message from the City. He is unavoidably absent by a most unfortunate train of circumstances, and in looking about for a substitute, for one to take his place, he stretched out his hand and naturally



it fell upon a Latin School boy, Carl Dreyfus of the Class of 1891 who brings to us the greetings of his Honor, Mayor Frederick W. Mansfield. [APPLAUSE.]

*Mr. Carl Dreyfus*

Ladies and gentlemen, those unfortunate circumstances to which Mr. Campbell referred were a heavy cold on the Mayor's chest which prevented him from coming here. He is very sorry indeed and only a few moments before I came to the hall did he ask me to speak a few words of greeting for him.

As a graduate of the Boston Latin School, I am, of course, proud to be here. As a representative of his Honor I realize how heavy is my responsibility. I can for the moment put aside my mere personal pride in my first Alma Mater and dwell upon a larger pride, that of the City of Boston which feels such dominant satisfaction in the glory of its great, its oldest school. Our community has always regarded the Boston Latin School as a great school.

One has only to glance over the list of its graduates to realize that our democratic class rooms have produced some of this country's most brilliant, intellectual aristocrats. It is not unlikely that Boston's position as the Hub of the Universe was created by this same dear old Latin School. In fact the leadership that the glorious State of Massachusetts has always maintained, not only in progressive scholarship but also in carefully planned philanthropy and in the devoted care of the underprivileged, found its fountain head of inspiration in the graduates of this school.

Ladies and gentlemen, Boston is proud today, proud of these years of undisputed accomplishment, proud of its imposing list of graduates, proud of the magnificent

position the Latin School holds, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world. [APPLAUSE.]

*Doctor Patrick Thomas Campbell*

A wholly unexpected contribution and an almost priceless one has come to us at this time. It is my privilege and honor to read to you the following communication: (READS.)

"The President and Fellows of Harvard College to the Boston Latin School, Greetings:

"We beg to offer our heartiest felicitations to the Head Master, teachers, students and alumni of the Boston Latin School on its Three Hundredth Anniversary. Preceding by a year the establishment of Harvard College, this oldest of American public schools that has a record of continuous service in free, non-sectarian education, stands as a living monument to the faith and the foresight of a pioneer community which made fidelity and learning the foundation stones of the Commonwealth.

"If the nation of which that Commonwealth was to form one of the original members lay far beyond the vision of that day, the people of Boston nevertheless established a principle so sound that it has sustained a structure of national proportions, which remains today as at the beginning, the chief bulwark of free government.

"But this anniversary has a more intimate significance to us. The Boston Latin School and Harvard College owe their establishment to the same faith in education and to the honorable efforts of the same community. From the earliest days graduates of the one have come to the other in large numbers. In their persons and through their experience of a joint obligation to school and college, the two institutions have always been united by a common service.

"To our felicitations therefore, we add our gratitude to the Boston Latin School for three centuries of service to Harvard College as well as the whole community, and our best wishes for a future already pledged by a long and honorable past.

"Given at Cambridge this twenty-third day of April in the

## TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five and of Harvard College the two hundred and ninety-ninth.

"For the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Jerome D. Green, Secretary to the Corporation." [APPLAUSE.]

I am going to ask the next young man on our program, Doctor Green, if he will indulge me in allowing me to transfer his number to a little later place in the program in order that the orchestra may begin the country-wide broadcast which begins exactly at 2:30. While I am waiting for that hour to arrive I am going to take advantage of the opportunity to say to you what I had in mind to say about Doctor Green.

Among the outstanding scholars who have passed through the Boston Latin School in the last half century, no one has excelled the author of the English poem, "Enter to Grow in Wisdom." I will present the author of that poem to you later in the program. At this time the orchestra under Arthur Fiedler, will play for us the "Academic Overture" by Brahms.

[Orchestra: "Academic Overture" by Brahms. APPLAUSE.]

Doctor CAMPBELL. Perhaps—well, I will say without doubt—the greatest scholar who passed through the Latin School in one hundred years—perhaps in all its career—was George Santayana of the Class of 1882, who went to Harvard, became professor of philosophy there and now is recognized as one of the world's greatest philosophers and masters of English. I asked him to contribute to the occasion and he wrote to us this letter: [READS.]

"To have existed for three hundred years, as things go, is remarkable; much more remarkable to have been constant, through those three hundred years, to one purpose and function. There

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

may be older schools in other countries; but almost always they have suffered a complete change of spirit and have endured only by ceasing to be themselves. Even the neighboring Harvard College, one year younger than the Latin School, has undergone radical transformations, losing its original directive mission and becoming a complex mirror of the complex society which it serves. But the Latin School, in its simpler sphere, has remained faithfully Latin. In spite of all revolutions and all the pressure of business and all the powerful influences inclining America to live in contemptuous ignorance of the rest of the world, and especially of the past, the Latin School, supported by the people of Boston, has kept the embers of traditional learning alive, at which the humblest rush-light might always be lighted; has kept the highway clear for every boy to the professions of theology, law, medicine, and teaching, and a window open to his mind from these times to all other times and from this place to all other places.

"This fidelity to tradition, I am confident, has and will have its reward. The oldest forms of life, barring accidents, have the longest future. New ideas in their violence and new needs in their urgency pass like a storm; and then the old earth, scarred and enriched by those trials, finds itself still under the same sky, unscarred and pure as before. The Latin language and the study of classic antiquity are the chief bond for western nations with the humanities, with the normalities of human nature; and this not merely by transporting us, as in a vision, to some detached civilization—as Greek studies might do if taken alone—but by bringing us down step by step through all the vicissitudes of Christendom to our own age, and giving us a sound sense for the moral forces and the moral issues that now concern us. The merely modern man never knows what he is about. A Latin education, far from alienating us from our own world, teaches us to discern the amiable traits in it, and the genuine achievements; helping us, amid so many distracting problems, to preserve a certain balance and dignity of mind, together with a sane confidence in the future." [APPLAUSE.]

Doctor Davison will now lead the Glee Club in singing the Ode written for this occasion by Doctor Robert Montraville Green of the Class of 1898.



## TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

[Chorus: "Ad Scholam Matrem" by Doctor Robert Montraville Green. APPLAUSE.]

Doctor CAMPBELL. In order that all the people throughout the country may share in our pleasure, I have asked Mr. Fiedler to have the orchestra play once more, for the nation-wide hook-up, the Introduction to Act III of Wagner's "Lohengrin". [APPLAUSE.]

[Orchestra: Introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin" by Wagner. APPLAUSE.]

Doctor CAMPBELL. In periods of distress and uncertainty, some men are able to retain a sense of proportion and to keep their mental balance. Our next speaker has proved himself one who dares to stand alone, unmoved amid the welter of world shifting propaganda, able to steer the bark of education on the old, sure courses plotted by Massachusetts, the Commissioner of Education, Doctor Payson Smith. [APPLAUSE.]

### *Doctor Payson Smith*

Mr. Chairman, friends and graduates of the Boston Latin School, to the graduates of the Boston Latin School, the exercises of this day and hour are deeply and personally significant to their pride in the long and creditable record of this, the oldest of all American schools, are added the love and devotion of loyal sons of Alma Mater. To every citizen of Boston the occasion must serve as a reminder of the achievements of a city recognized everywhere as a defender of established educational values as well as a willing and courageous pioneer into hitherto untried fields.

It would indeed be strange if the friends of the Boston



Latin School and the citizens of the city and of the state did not celebrate the foundation of this institution. But why does it happen that the attention of an entire nation is drawn to this occasion? How has it come to pass that in thousands of American schools, teachers and pupils join with citizens in holding celebrations in honor of the same event which we are here assembled to observe? Why was it that a few weeks ago, 10,000 leaders of public education met in a great assembly for no other purpose than that of acclaiming what happened here in Boston 300 years ago today.

In hundreds of public high schools in every state of this Union the exercises of graduation to be held a few weeks hence will have as their central theme a re-telling of the story of the Boston Latin School. In all these other places as in this one, its early history will be recounted. There, as here, the illustrious names that adorn its rolls will be repeated. There, as here, praise will be sung of an institution which for so long has held fast to certain ideals.

Beyond these incidental though important items, however, we shall find the real reason for the national interest in this celebration. That reason is that the American people recognize that here was the beginning of an educational system as democratic as democracy itself.

As we read the history of education we may feel surprise that for so many years so little progress was made. Go back for a minute to the fruits as we found them after two hundred years. In the thirties of the last century is a convenient time for an inventory. It would be pleasant to be able to record that year by year, decade by decade, the story had been one of uninterrupted advance. But alas it was not so. A hundred years ago this very decade, a half century and more after Washington, Jefferson and



*Exercises in Symphony Hall*



Franklin had admonished our people to support education as the safeguard of democratic institutions, there was an evident decline in the schools. The public schools in many parts of Massachusetts had become so poor that parents were sending their children to private schools in larger numbers than to the public schools.

In some other parts of our country fifty years after the opening of the constitutional era, public schools were still legally denominated as "pauper schools." A hundred years ago, two full centuries after the establishment of the Boston Latin School, the number of free public high schools in America could be counted on the fingers of the hands.

In the thirties of a hundred years ago and in those decades immediately preceding and following that one, the people gave evidence of their so slight interest in public secondary education that they turned to the foundation of academies. In 1830 there were 950 incorporated academies in the United States. Before 1850 there were over 1,000 such institutions in New England alone. Two hundred years of the Boston Latin School, the American people were not yet ready to accept as a public responsibility the support of secondary education.

As every one in this audience knows, however, a hundred years ago this very decade, Massachusetts, under the leadership of Mann, Everett and Pierce, started a revival of interest in education which swept across the country and established once and for all, we may well believe, the principle of free education. The impulse which stirred in Boston at the beginning of the colonial era was again felt. The seed planted here by this institution brought forth more abundant fruit.

Again, only 60 years ago, Massachusetts, still pioneering, made the decision that education must not only be



democratic and within certain limits free, but likewise that it must be universal. Gathering momentum with the years, the movement for the expansion of educational opportunity has under the eyes of many sitting in this room reached achievements of a most notable character. Yet nearly 250 years were to pass after this founding before we were to see an American system of education which might indeed be called the full fruit of the seed that was planted here.

I wonder if today we catch the significance of the meaning of universal education. Within 60 years important things have come to pass. Opportunities for the higher education of women are everywhere established, vocational education is available in every state and in almost every community. The beginning and the expansion of professional and technical education of every kind have taken place. Kindergartens for childhood, schools for the handicapped are recognized parts of the public educational program everywhere. Child labor and compulsory education now protect the rights of children in the matter of schooling. And these are only a few of the many significant results which have come to education in this country within a relatively short time because of the constantly enlarging sense of public responsibility, not only towards youth but likewise towards the expanding requirements of modern society.

Yet nothing in this era has been more significant than the development of secondary education, of which the Boston Latin School stands as the forerunner. In 1880 only 200,000 youths were in the public high schools of this country. This very day nearly 5,000,000 boys and girls are in attendance in such schools, a larger number than are to be found in similar institutions of all the other countries of the world taken together.





*Exercises in Symphony Hall*



Small wonder that the youth of America, in thousands of villages and cities, pay honor to this institution which marked the beginning of the American way in education. There are those who give their approval to other ways. There are those who still believe that education should be restricted to the more favored groups or classes, but that is not the American way. There are those who believe that education should be reserved for the intellectually alert, but that is not the American way. There are those who look upon education as the tool of indoctrination, to be used by the rulers of a nation or by dominant groups, but that is not the American way.

The American way is the democratic way, often blundering, slow-moving, faltering, sometimes almost retrogressive, but always a way that reflects the initiative, the genius and the ideals of the people. The American way seeks to recognize in every boy the man it is possible for him to become. It aims to give him the chance to grow to be that man. It is the way which in the words of Horace Mann, "Strives to give to every child a free, straight path by which he can walk directly up from the ignorance of an infant to a knowledge of the preliminary duties of a man and can acquire the power and an invincible will to discharge those duties."

I take it that the Boston Latin School stands for the principle of individualism in education; that it has aimed and does today aim to help each boy to attain the fullness of his own mental, moral and physical stature. Whatever may happen to individualism in other fields, in education at least it can never become outworn nor outmoded. That contribution to democratic education must be permanent.

The Boston Latin School, as I understand it, has sought to release creative power, to challenge its boys to responsible intellectual activity. That contribution to the spirit

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

of American education, let us hope, will never become less. The Boston Latin School has breathed upon the spirit of its boys and has created and fostered in them devotion to our country and its institutions. One of its own sons indeed, gave to the nation one of the noblest of patriotic songs, "America." In peace and war this school has inspired men to serve their city, to serve their state and their nation. May that contribution to the spirit of American education continue to increase.

The Boston Latin School could not have survived the stress and the storms of 300 years of political and social controversy if it had not given to its sons the desire to walk in the light and to seek the truth. A free church, a free press and free schools. So long as these endure, whatever may be the changes of form in the instrumentalities which democracy adopts to work its ends, the essentials of democratic principles will survive.

Let the contribution of the Boston Latin School to the cause of intellectual freedom hold in this and in every other troubled time. Let education be protected and fostered in its wider scope and in its broader purposes and the American way in education will continue to justify the record and itself. [APPLAUSE.]

The CHAIRMAN. In the program of the Latin School exercises commemorating the birthday of Washington there always occurs in the list this: Robert Montraville Green of the Class of 1898 will read a poem which he himself has written. [APPLAUSE.]



## TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

*Doctor Robert Montraville Green*

Enter to Grow in Wisdom

### I. GREECE

In shady groves of Academe  
Where stately flows Cephissus on,  
And where with antique splendor gleam  
The glories of the Parthenon  
O'er Pallas' dearest citadel,  
Here, in the walks that Cimon trod,  
Rose the first school, whose teachings tell  
In prophecy the truth of God.  
For in the market place a man  
Had dared to question all that time  
Had garnered, since the world began,  
In legend, tale or lofty rhyme;  
And questioning thus, Socrates  
Gave doctrines new for creeds outworn,  
Substance for shadows, and with these  
The wisdom of the world was born.  
The hemlock could not kill his soul;  
From the dark prison he paced forth  
To walk the centuries that roll,  
Teaching the spirit its own worth,  
That virtue is the highest good,  
Self-knowledge the sole end of life,  
Man's noblest lesson fortitude  
Amid the earth's ignoble strife.  
And they who later saw the light  
Of learning in that eldest school,  
With Plato and the Stagirite,  
Mastered the elemental rule  
Of reason's progress from the real  
Through salutary discipline  
To visions of revealed ideal  
Leading the heart to truths divine.

### II. ROME

The centuries of conflict passed,  
The tramping legions came and went,



## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

And Rome triumphant stood at last  
Mistress of every continent;  
Yet Rome 'mid all her conquering  
Put by her pomp and pride of place  
And bowed at the Athenian spring  
To imbibe its philosophic grace.  
Thus grew sublime philosophy  
To be life's guide and sustenance,  
Bade men pass wealth and glory by  
To seek the richer circumstance  
Of studies that teach youth to live,  
Deliver age from loneliness,  
Adorn prosperity, and give  
Refuge and solace in distress.  
Dark ages followed, but the torch  
Of learning gleamed in cloistered cell;  
Garden, academy and porch  
Were not forgot; but cherished well  
In hearts devout, their wisdom glowed  
A living spark to light the earth  
Till Dante's burning vision showed  
Knowledge the dawn of her rebirth.

### III. ENGLAND

In Albion's sequestered isle  
Where, under the auspicious chance  
Of Providence, new heavens smile  
On human hopes, and high romance  
Links hands with Roman culture, here  
At Alfred's ancient capital,  
Rose the new School of Winchester  
By Arthur's legendary hall.  
Here Wykeham at his priestly see,  
Sagest of England's counselors,  
Builded his scholars' home to be  
Preceptress of her servitors.  
Here throve the ancient learning; here  
Since his first sturdy rule began,  
His pupils read the maxim clear  
That manners ever maketh man.  
Thus, in those brave and spacious days

## TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

While still Dan Chaucer lived and sang,  
They filled the good and gallant ways  
Of English life with joy that rang  
Not in the student's heart alone  
But in the deeds of all who went  
Forth to emprize, whose lusters shone  
New stars in England's firmament.  
Waynflete, whom glory cherisheth  
At Eton and in Oxford's towers;  
Browne, who declared the doctor's faith  
In worlds beyond this world of ours;  
Udall, Will Shakespeare's harbinger,  
Father of English comedy;  
White, patriarch of Dorchester,  
Linked fast to Harvard's memory.  
For to the scholarship of Greece  
And Rome they gave a deeper life:  
Not only in the stored increase  
Of wisdom virtue lies, in strife  
Perpetual to win the goal,  
The brotherhood of man with man.  
He serveth best who builds his soul  
In pattern of this nobler plan.

### IV. AMERICA

Again the prophet's vision turns  
In the kaleidoscope of time,  
And still the torch of learning burns  
In loyal hands in a far clime.  
From out the heart of England went  
A sober Pilgrim company,  
To build on a new continent  
A home for law and liberty.  
Amid a savage race they sought  
Freedom to worship God, and fared  
The darkling paths of ocean, fraught  
With peril, for the faith they dared  
To follow. None foresaw the bound  
And destiny of their great quest,  
That in a new world they should found  
The true republic of the west.

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

Here in the wild and wooded lands  
    They dwelt and worshipped, toiled and died,  
And all the labor of their hands  
    Was for God's glory, not for pride;  
Theirs was the steadfast faith that knows  
    No faltering of constancy,  
Theirs was the hope that ever grows,  
    Theirs was the love that can not die.  
In God alone was all their trust  
    Reposed, not in the strength of man;  
Yet when they saw that in the dust  
    The ministry of Puritan  
Must in the course of nature lie,  
    Its teaching they would not let slip,  
They would not willingly let die  
    The sacred light of scholarship.  
But first of all their enterprise  
    They builded thee, our well-loved school,  
To foster under western skies  
    Philosophy's eternal rule,  
Securely from Time's ruthless press  
    To cherish Learning's timeless age,  
And guard in the vast wilderness  
    Wisdom's immortal heritage.  
Three centuries of service bring  
    The ripe fruition of thy prime;  
Three centuries of glory sing  
    Thy praise in storied prose and rhyme;  
Three centuries of strife, and still  
    The dew of youth is on thy brow,  
Eternal youth that doth fulfill  
    The splendor of thy promise now.  
The mead of thine abounding grace  
    By all thy foster-sons is quaffed  
The youth of every creed and race  
    Taste at thy hand truth's deathless draught,  
Diverse of breed, but one at heart  
    One in the common dream of man,  
One in the worth of every part  
    That makes the whole American.  
Enter to grow in wisdom; let

## TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

The gold of youthful dreams be brought  
Into the crown of manhood, set  
With patterns gloriously wrought  
By deeds of honor, nor forget  
Each virtue is a precious gem,  
A jewel in the carcanet  
Of thine imperial diadem.  
Thine are thy children evermore,  
Where'er throughout the world they roam,  
Serving thee on some distant shore,  
Or bearing still thy tasks at home;  
For thou hast taught us thy great word,  
Thou it is who hast made us men,  
To reap the harvest of our Lord,  
Bringing our sheaves to thee again.  
For unto thee is all our love,  
For thee shall all our labor be,  
Mother, whate'er our fate may prove,  
Shall all our honor be to thee;  
And through uncounted ages hence,  
Still to thy side thy sons return  
With hearts devout of reverence  
While faith shall shine and hope shall burn.

[APPLAUSE.]

The CHAIRMAN. Behind the school teacher stands the school committee which, by constant care, has built up the establishment which we call the school system. By the wisdom of the committee in establishing a principle that merit alone should determine the appointment and the promotion of teachers, our present school organization has been made possible. It is proper, then, that the Chairman of the School Committee, representing in his person the unbroken line of public-spirited citizens who have served the city for more than two centuries, should bring us today a message. I present to you Doctor Charles E. Mackey, Chairman of the Boston School Committee.

[APPLAUSE.]



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*Doctor Charles E. Mackey*

Mr. Chairman, honored guests, ladies and gentlemen of the Boston Latin School, I am deeply conscious of the honor which has been conferred upon me in bringing to you the greetings and the sincere congratulations of the School Committee on the Three Hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Latin School. Since the election of the first school committee in 1822, public-spirited men and women have given of their time and strength on the school committee, to foster and to enlarge our public school system.

From a single school with one master and a handful of pupils our schools have grown into the great system of today, with hundreds of fine buildings, 4,500 school teachers and 135,000 pupils. For that not only credit is due to the school committees of the past for this splendid achievement, but more praise should fall to the citizens of Boston whose generosity has made this establishment possible.

Let us not think of these schools as merely free schools although they are free in the sense that no tuition bills are sent to the students. The parents of each boy and girl in our public schools are paying the full cost of this establishment. Even in times of dire economic distress the people of Boston have refused to curtail the educational opportunities of their children. Let the children therefore, note well the sacrifices made by the parents which give to every boy and girl an opportunity enjoyed by their fellows in no other age. Let them strive to make a fitting return to their parents and to the city, working faithfully at their school tasks to the limit of their strength.

All of our school teachers have done a splendid work in training the future citizens of Boston. I want to impress upon the parents that they are thrusting upon the



shoulders of the school teachers too much of the task which belongs on their own. Fine schoolhouses, highly trained instructors and costly apparatus can accomplish much, but these things can not take the place of wise paternal discipline and sound instruction in the home.

The record of the Latin School, the pioneer public school in America, is one in which we all take pride. To the masters of the school and to the Latin School boys themselves — all of them — the reputation of the school may well be a matter of special gratification, but to them it must also be a challenge and especially to the masters, to see that the school not only shall suffer no harm at their hands but shall be passed on to succeeding generations greater and more glorious; and to the Latin School boys also, that they shall render, by honest and unselfish devotion in the public interest, a proper return to the city whose generosity has made their training possible.

In closing I can promise in behalf of the present school committee and, I am confident, for the school committee of the future, that they will support loyally the efforts of the head masters and the masters of the Latin School to maintain for every boy with the ability and the courage to seize the opportunity, the chance to prepare himself for higher training, in order that he may further serve his fellow man. Let us strive so that 100 years hence, when other men are celebrating the 400th anniversary of the founding of the Latin School, they may look upon our work and declare it good. [APPLAUSE.]

The CHAIRMAN. I will now ask Doctor Davison to lead the chorus in Handel's "Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite."

[Chorus: "Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite," by Handel. APPLAUSE.]

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

The CHAIRMAN. We all know, of course, that the Latin School dandled Harvard on its knee. [APPLAUSE.] No Latin School celebration therefore would be complete without a personal message from Harvard. It is my great privilege to present to you an administrator extraordinary who refashioned the outward seeming of a great university, an educator of unchallenged pre-eminence, who gave a new meaning to the inner life of Harvard, and to America a new concept of the dignity and the worth of scholarship, the President Emeritus of Harvard University, Doctor A. Lawrence Lowell. [APPLAUSE.]

### *Doctor A. Lawrence Lowell*

A centennial anniversary and still more a tricentennial, should be a commemoration of an event either remarkable in itself or fraught with great consequences. In this case it is certainly both. The first care of the settlers in Boston was to provide themselves with houses to shelter them against a hard climate; the next was to wring sustenance from a reluctant soil and an inhospitable sea. In the early years three thousand of them came and among them an unusual number of men who had attended one of the English universities. They settled on the peninsulas jutting into the harbor, especially on the one with its triple hill, which they named Boston, spreading thence into the adjoining land. For we must remember that the town was then small and both the place where we have met to do them honor and the site of the present Latin School were then covered by water, a part of the Charles River, and it so remained for more than two centuries.

The founding of the Latin School by this earnest band, less than five years after the settlement of Boston and of the college 18 months later, is certainly an extraordinary fact; for although the school was by no means designed

only for boys who meant to go farther and was founded by vote of the Town Meeting, while the college was created by the General Court or the Legislature, yet they were both parts of one movement to establish higher education in the nascent colony. Separated as it was from the mother country by the width of the Atlantic Ocean — in those days of small sailing vessels a very serious obstacle — the first settlers, without these two institutions, would almost inevitably have been followed by a generation far less educated.

That these events were momentous in their results hardly needs demonstration. They were the forerunners and they may well be called the progenitors of all the higher education in this country. Moreover the determination to create the means of instructing our youth, to be conducted by ourselves, for ourselves, was a first declaration of independence by the young settlement; and except perhaps during the two years when Andros was governor, there was never an attempt by state or church in England to interfere with it here in America, until the close of the colonial period, when political independence was secured.

The fact that the school was the gateway to higher education has however, caused misapprehension and given rise to the groundless criticism that it was "planned, supported and managed by the classes and not in the interest of the masses." It was not indeed until 40 years later that a writing school or, as we should say, a primary school, was set up, but until that was done the Grammar School, as the Latin School was then called, admitted boys at seven years of age if they could read the psalms, an accomplishment they could easily learn at home if their parents were literate; or if not, in the church. At the school in those days they were, moreover, taught to write if they



needed it, and no doubt also to cipher. All this does not look like an institution confined to those who could afford much previous teaching. The main subjects of instruction were, of course, Latin and Greek, but that was true at the same epoch of the schools in Europe, for our forebears copied what they had known in their old home.

Latin and Greek were indeed the only road to all higher education, not for the ministry alone, but for the law and for general culture. That was the reason for their being taught in this earliest of all our public schools, and why it received later on the name destined to become celebrated, of the Boston Latin School. But we may well ask why it succeeded in retaining throughout its history, and to this day, the position of the best public preparatory school for college in the country.

Much of course, must be ascribed to the personal quality of its head masters and its teachers, and to the traditions in which they have lived and worked. But one may suggest that there are two other reasons of a more general character. One is that it has insisted upon, and it has been enabled to maintain, its standards. If its curriculum has been above the desires or attainments of some boys in its classes, they have been provided for in other schools created for that purpose, and the objective of the Latin School has not been modified to meet their needs.

Curiously enough, early in the eighteenth century and long before any other types of grammar or high schools existed, it was "Proposed to the Town \*\*\*\*\* that supposing the former more tedious and burthensome methods may be thought the best for such as are designed for schollars (which is by some questioned), yet for the sake and benefit of others who usually are the greater number by far in such schools, whether it might not be adviseable that some more easie and delightfull methodes be there attended and put in practice."

That sounds extraordinarily modern. [LAUGHTER.] Curiously enough, in spite of our recent tendencies no subsequent action appears to have been taken on the proposal by the town records. Modified the curriculum of the Latin School has certainly been, but always within its objective, that is, by introducing new subjects germane to the demands of higher education, not in order to make the course less strenuous or exacting. At the present time pupils who desire to enter the Latin School must have attained a grade of B, that is, at least better than a passing mark in all the principal subjects in their previous schools, or else pass a special examination in those subjects, so that there is a guarantee of fitness to follow the curriculum; and they "Must present a signed statement from their parents or guardians of an intention to give them a collegiate education" as evidence of an intent to do the work creditably.

Now the second reason I suggest for the maintenance of the high standing of the Boston Latin School is of a more subtle nature and it involves a general question of education not wholly uncontroversial at the present time.

There is probably no other occupation among men where theories have been set forth with greater confidence and with so little regard to the facts, as in education. No doubt the connection between methods and results is hard to trace, and impossible to prove; and it is much easier to frame a theory that accords with one's prejudices or aspirations and illustrate it by cases that may, in fact, be examples or exceptions to a general rule, than to labor over a mass of statistics which may mean much or little, according to the discernment with which they are collected.

There was the old theory of mental faculties held to be so distinct that different disciplines were needed for



their development, the classics for one, mathematics for another, history for a third. Like an eastern despotism the theory was dethroned by a rival, and in this case the successful rival denied the existence of such specific faculties, claiming that what one learned adheres in the subject matter and is of little or no use in any other field of thought. Again, another dynasty, a third idea arose with the principle that capacities cultivated by any serious study are transferable to a large but unascertained extent to other subjects. So long as this last idea remains indefinite and not dogmatic, it seems to offer little opportunity for attack.

But leaving all such theories aside for discussion by the learned, we may turn to a question that lies beneath them, one that is of great moment today and touches the history and standing of our Latin School. It is the relative importance, as the basic object in all education, of acquiring information and of training the mind in clarity, accuracy and incisiveness of thought. The two are, of course, not wholly distinct because one can not think clearly unless he has something to think about, and one can not acquire knowledge usefully unless he has a clear idea of the meaning of the information he obtains. Yet the two things are by no means identical, and the emphasis upon them has varied much from time to time.

In the Middle Ages, when the amount of exact knowledge was small, the emphasis was upon acuteness of thought, dialectic discussion of questions, many of which seem to us absolutely futile in subtleness. The disputations in the universities of those days were such as this: How many angels could stand upon the point of a needle provided they desired to do so. [LAUGHTER.] All of the disputations of that age were of that nature and they continued down into our own colonial period. Useless they

seem to us today, but it has been pointed out that, in fact, the minds of youth were being sharpened by these exercises for use in a time when human thought would expand into new and constantly enlarging fields.

Of late years with the vast increase of what has been called codified knowledge, the tendency has set strongly, especially in the public schools, in the direction of laying greater stress upon acquiring as much as possible of this body of information, and therefore upon the methods of teaching which give it most rapidly; that is, upon direct instruction by the teacher and a receptive attitude on the part of the pupil. Such methods are in sharp contrast with the attempt to train the mind by its own effort, which is a much slower process, so far as acquiring knowledge is concerned, but more effective in promoting intelligence.

Let me illustrate what I mean. When I was a boy we were given pages of the classics, problems in algebra and demonstrations in geometry to work out by ourselves, and the relation with the teacher consisted almost entirely of recitations. In other words, of a form of oral examination, to see whether our work had been faithfully and intelligently done. Explanations by the teacher there were, of course, and comments and help over the hard places, but there was little attempt on his part to give information directly or to teach in the modern school sense of the word.

Now when I became a member of the School Committee of Boston, 40 years ago, I saw the change that had taken place. In most of the schools the subjects were indeed, not so fitting for study by one's self as are Latin, Greek and mathematics, and better adapted for direct imparting of information. Still the difference in method was obvious; teaching was more prominent as compared with study, and this has been true in a measure, throughout the whole public school system of this country.

The cause of this change of method has been the tendency to place more emphasis on knowledge as compared with the training of the mind. We see this in the intelligence and in other tests for indicating progress. Though by no means wholly, they are mainly measurements of knowledge, and in fact, it would be difficult to frame them so that they could be mechanically or impersonally graded if they attempted to measure anything else. If this emphasis upon remembered knowledge is right, then the methods of teaching are right because information can be given much more rapidly by active teaching, that is, by imparting it predigested than by personal effort on the part of the pupils.

However, the result is by no means the same, and in this time of confused thought, when appeals to emotion override serious reasoning, when epithets take the place of argument, when men can not see ahead for lack of clear vision, when the serious are worried and perplexed about the future, and the thoughtless mistake an outcry for an oracle, we may wisely ask ourselves whether there is not need in our educational system for more training to think straight and to see clear, although knowledge is thereby acquired less rapidly. [APPLAUSE.]

Now curiously enough at the same time that the public schools have tended toward more teaching, that is, more of the direct imparting of knowledge, higher education has tended toward the other and the slower procedure. For example, instead of the older practice of lectures and of reading text books, the law schools began, some 60 years ago, to use the case method of instruction, much slower so far as the bare learning of legal principles by sheer memory is concerned, but much more effective in teaching law students how to think. And the system has spread from school to school until it has now been adopted almost everywhere in America.



*Active Committee of the Tercentenary*

*Back row: SAMUEL SILVERMAN; JOSEPH A. F. O'NEIL*

*Front row: LEE J. DUNN; EDWIN T. WITHERBY*







In the same direction is the change of instruction in medicine and in science, where laboratory methods have driven the lecture and the text book into a subordinate position. Students are now divided into small sections to handle chemical apparatus under the supervision of one of the younger instructors, instead of having the professor do stunts at a table on the platform while they look on. [LAUGHTER.]

All of this of course is much less rapid in the rate of progress but universally esteemed much sounder and more fundamental in that which is learned. Even in colleges the lecture is becoming a method of stimulating thought, of directing attention, rather than of imparting information which the student is expected to get by reading; and a teacher of history, for example, is often amused when freshmen gaze vaguely as he speaks of some conclusion resulting from years of reflection on his part, but write down carefully a well known date that he happens to mention. [LAUGHTER.]

The whole system of tutors is, in its essence, a method of promoting self-education by the student. Far from tutoring him, as the word is commonly used in this country, their duty is to put him on his own feet, help him to find his own way; in fact, it is a system of self-education under guidance. When we first took it up at Harvard, we brought over two experienced tutors from Oxford and at the end of the year we asked the students who had worked with them what difference there was between their method and that of our own tutors. The reply was that if a pupil failed to understand something the American tutor explained it to him, whereas the Oxford don smoked and looked at him and made him work it out for himself, a statement of a difference of attitude from which our own tutors did not fail to profit. [LAUGHTER.]

The distinction between self-education under guidance and direct instruction by imparting information, is not absolute and irreconcilable. It is one of emphasis and attitude and tendency, and yet it is of importance. It is not without significance and to some extent it reflects and measures the current of the present times.

That the Boston Latin School attained and through three centuries has preserved its leading position among the institutions of the land, is due to the tenacity of its grip on high standards, to its insistence on hard work and to its methods of self-education. So long as these are retained, its pre-eminence will endure and future generations may look back to its present management with the same gratitude that we feel for its adventurous and far-sighted founders. [APPLAUSE.]

The CHAIRMAN. The testimony of Doctor Lowell is more precious to us of the Latin School than from anyone else that I can think of in the whole world.

In any lesson in the Latin School where the exercise is prepared, every boy has to be ready for an unprepared recitation. He may have thought out in advance exactly where he was going to be called on and perhaps not be called at all that day, but inevitably that time when he did not expect to be called was the time when the lightning struck. [LAUGHTER.]

So as I sat here and looked out, I saw in the audience a boy. He thinks he is not a boy but, of course, he is a Latin School boy and I said, I will call upon him without preparation, an unprepared lesson, and so I present to you a former mayor of the city, Doctor John Francis Fitzgerald of the Latin School, Class of 1884. [APPLAUSE.]

TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

*Doctor John Francis Fitzgerald*

You did not get what Mr. Williams just said. He said, God help me. [LAUGHTER.] I know that He will because the Latin School was made possible under the providence of the Divinity, and I feel now just about as I did more than 50 years ago when I made my first recitation at the Latin School. I wished I was at home with my mother. [LAUGHTER.] While I was sitting by Joseph Desmond, to recall a friend of that great philosopher George Santayana, I was reminded of the fact that because of illness and other conditions, neither the Mayor of Boston nor the Governor of the State was here, and that I was to be a pinch-hitter.

I am getting over my nervousness here. [LAUGHTER.] I want to say how glad I am at the wonderful celebration that has been going on the past couple of days, and our thanks we owe to Dr. Campbell and the wonderful committee that was organized to collaborate with and to work with Mr. Powers, the most efficient head master; and I wish that you all could have been present, and I suppose many of you were present at the exercises yesterday afternoon. They were really wonderful and reflected, I think, everything that has been good in the growth of the Boston Latin School [APPLAUSE], as far back as I can remember.

I recall what President Lowell said a while ago and I do not think that we Bostonians should wonder at the success of our schools when we realize that we had in this city 40 years ago, he said, men of his spirit to take up the work of membership on the Boston School Committee. And as he could testify and as others could testify, the labor was not an easy one. The task was not an inspiring one, because a goodly part of your time was taken up in trying to get school teachers jobs and increasing the pay of

the janitors and a great many other situations of that kind.

He had the public spirit which is possessed, I think, by citizens of Boston generally, proud of their public schools and willing to take up the burden of the work; and the work that he did has left its mark indelibly upon the work of the Boston schools. We all know, of course, what his career was afterwards as president of Harvard College, succeeding one who was supposed to be the greatest mind that the world had produced in recent years as president of a great university, Charles W. Eliot.

My friends, it is a great thing to think back 300 years of the accomplishments of a single school and these boys that are graduating from the school today and those of us that have a chance to look over the years that we spent there and since that time, when we realize that that one school produced five signers of the Declaration of Independence, and that there has not been a single episode in American history from the day of the founders of that school until the present hour, but what a Latin School boy has figured prominently and eminently, to the great honor of the Boston Latin School and this great city of Boston; and no matter where I traveled when I was the mayor of this city, and I think I was in about all the large cities of America, in many of the cities of South America and in most of the cities in Europe, when I was presented as the Mayor of the City of Boston, during the meeting and after the meeting, everywhere, I was greeted as a representative, as though I were Demosthenes in the olden days of Athens, "You come from Boston, the Athens of America and the seat of learning in that great nation across the sea."

I never was prouder of the educational opportunities that were given to me by this great city than under such



circumstances as these, and I want to say to you citizens of Boston today, ladies and gentlemen that are assembled here, that we owe a tremendous sense of gratitude to all those great teachers such as Moses Merrill. I came from the streets of the North End where my mother reared nine or ten children in the streets, without any playground, in the tenement district without father or mother or brother or sister that knew anything about Greek or Latin and could give us no help at all in our lessons like most of the other boys.

The Gallivan boys were with me in that class and also William A. Leahy. The Gallivans came from South Boston and they led the class and Leahy took all the honors in 1884 and he is a buddy of mine now. I had the good fortune to have him associated with me as secretary when I was the Mayor of Boston. We took the most of the scholastic prizes in that year and as I said, it was without any aid at home, the four of us from South Boston and the North End; and to us Moses Merrill was an inspiration, not alone in his methods of teaching but in his direction and his manner of accomplishing the things that he wanted to accomplish in the minds of us boys, because he made it a matter of honor to develop character in us, and he did it in that school.

Following him came Arthur Fiske and then he was followed by Henry Pennypacker and then by Mr. Campbell who is making such a great record now as superintendent of schools in the city of Boston, and then by Mr. Powers; and then this school, day in and day out, year in and year out, sends boys to study at Harvard University where the finest minds in the world are being cultivated.

But no school has ever approached the record of the Public Latin School of Boston, regardless of whether the boys were to the manner born of 100 years ago, with



## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

parents who had been here and could trace their history for 200 years or more, or whether they were the generations of boys whose parents came from Ireland 100 years ago and 75 years ago and 50 years ago, and then the more recent immigrant stock, whether it came from Russia or whether it came from Italy or whether it came from Poland. The Latin School was always at the top.

And it is grateful to remember and it was interesting and overpowering to us as citizens of Boston, and as a graduate of that school, I am proud of the opportunity to testify to my allegiance to it and to express my thanks and gratitude to the great masters who have led it successfully in every period of its life. I thank you. [APPLAUSE.]

The CHAIRMAN. I will not at this time assign the mark for that recitation. [LAUGHTER.] However, I assure you it would be a high one. The Glee Club under the guidance of Doctor Davison will now sing for us a chorus, "Jesu Dulcis," by Vittoria.

[Chorus: "Jesu Dulcis," by Vittoria. APPLAUSE.]

The CHAIRMAN. The last. The Reverend Michael James Cuddihy of the Class of 1891 may speak for us and for our school the Divine Benediction. [APPLAUSE.]

### *Reverend Michael James Cuddihy*

Oh God our Almighty Father, throughout the ages the fond mothers of men have invoked Thy courageous and bountiful blessing upon their sons. Today we, grateful sons of a beautiful and vigorous mother, implore Thy benediction upon our distinguished and beneficent Alma Mater and upon this good City of Boston, which

## TERCENTENARY EXERCISES

now for three hundred years has so tenderly cherished the Public Latin School.

The church and the state, the bench and the bar, the arts and the sciences, commerce and industry, no less than the nobler vocation of teaching, all proudly acknowledge their debt of gratitude to her, and all gladly pause today to do her honor. Wherefore on this our fond mother's birthday, we earnestly pray Thee, Lord God, Father Almighty, to pour out upon her in abundance Thy holy spirit, that the blessings of the past three hundred years may continue and be renewed in this new age, especially her broad comprehending tolerance, welcoming and fostering all that is good in the youth of every race and creed and color, her exacting and vigorous standards of character and of knowledge, her high ideal of service, her noble, inspiring devotion, her sincere patriotism.

In the words of Holy Scripture: "*Fortitudo et decor indumentum ejus. Os suum aperuit sapientiae, et lex clementiae in lingua ejus . . . Surrexerunt filii ejus et beatissimam praedicaverunt.*" May the blessing of the Lord God Almighty, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon our Alma Mater and upon her loyal, faithful, grateful sons, and remain with us forever. Amen.

The CHAIRMAN. Will you please remain in your seats for a time here? The exercises are not yet over. You would not be discourteous, I think, to those who have contributed so bountifully of their time. I will ask you therefore, as an expression of our appreciation and approval of the services of the glee club and the orchestra, that you now rise in your places and give them your applause.

[Audience rises. APPLAUSE.]

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

The CHAIRMAN. Be seated, if you please, for a moment and then you may have a little more exercise. The glee club accompanied by the orchestra will now sing the first verse of "The Star Spangled Banner," which Doctor Lowell tells me is only half as old as the Latin School. And you are all invited to join, of course, in the singing.

[Audience rises. Singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."]

The CHAIRMAN. This brings to a close the exercises commemorating the 300th birthday of the Latin School, and the school is now dismissed. [LAUGHTER; APPLAUSE.]

[END OF EXERCISES.]

1635



1935

*TERCENTENARY DINNER*  
BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL  
APRIL 23, 1935

1

THE COPLEY-PLAZA  
*Boston*

## SPEAKERS

JOSEPH L. POWERS, '96  
*Toastmaster*

HIS EXCELLENCY JAMES M. CURLEY

CARL DREYFUS, '91 *representing the Mayor of Boston*

DR. PATRICK T. CAMPBELL, '89

HENRY M. ROGERS, ESQ., '58

HON. JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, '08

WILLIAM L. NOLAN, '35

DR. LEO R. LEWIS, '83

DR. CONSTANTINE E. MCGUIRE, '08

RT. REV. HERMAN PAGE, '84

DR. HENRY L. SMITH

THOMAS A. MULLEN, ESQ., '80



## MENU

CAPE COD OYSTERS COCKTAIL

CELERY

SALTED NUTS

OLIVES

---

MOCK TURTLE SOUP *English Style*

---

FILET MIGNON *au Madere*

SAUTERNE

DAUPHINE POTATOES    NEW PEAS *au Beurre*

---

FRESH STRAWBERRY BOMBE

MIGNARDISES

CAFE

*Cantus Vocum*

*Cantus Nervorum*

## THE PILGRIMAGE

1635 — *Boston Latin School* — 1935

Across the frosted marshes of the bay,  
Along the twisted lanes of days of old,  
By smooth-paved highways, straight and motor rolled,  
What eager, earnest feet have sought your way!

From History's pages, fifteen score today,  
They come to where Time's trysting bell has tolled;  
To where your sheltering arms once more enfold  
They haste, that quick and dead may tribute pay.

O School of Ours, O Fostering Mother dear,  
O School of Ours, three hundred winters old,  
From crowded mart; from classic halls appear  
Your sons to do you reverence untold.  
For you have taught them how in life to meet  
Those two imposters, Victory and Defeat.

LEO J. MCCARTHY, '16

*(Copy of the Program)*

# Tercentenary Dinner

OF THE

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

1

*Presiding*

HEAD MASTER JOSEPH LAWRENCE POWERS

*Toastmaster*

COPLEY-PLAZA HOTEL, BOSTON, MASS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1935

7:00 P.M.



## TERCENTENARY DINNER

### *Head Master Joseph Lawrence Powers*

Now that time has rounded out 300 years, and now that this excellent dinner has rounded out three times as many Latin School boys, we are in good form to come to the intellectual features of the evening. First, however, there is one item of school business to be attended to.

I have in my hand here a little card with which a few, and a very few, of you were familiar. You do not know which one it is. I will tell you. This is the approbation card. [CHEERS.] There was another one also. I have none of them here tonight so I can not give any at this time to Sam. Silverman. [LAUGHTER.]

This card is written in the old form rather than revised to the new fashion, so I am going to read it. [READS.]

“Scholae Latinae in Aula. Detur:-” And then the boy’s name. “Juveni ingenuo atque laude digniori.”

That, for the benefit of the little chaps who were in the gallery a little while ago—not that we need to translate anything in the vernacular of the school: “To a boy of good endowments and more worthy of praise than his fellows.” And that is followed by a little line and a half from Horace which used to say in the Latin:—I shall attempt to translate it at sight—“Who hopes to reach the longed-for goal must as a youth do and suffer much.”

That is the old form. It is all in English nowadays, but that does not indicate that the Latin School is going off the Latin standard. I have here an approbation card. Nowadays we give what we call the approbation card with distinction. You know in your time all you had to



## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

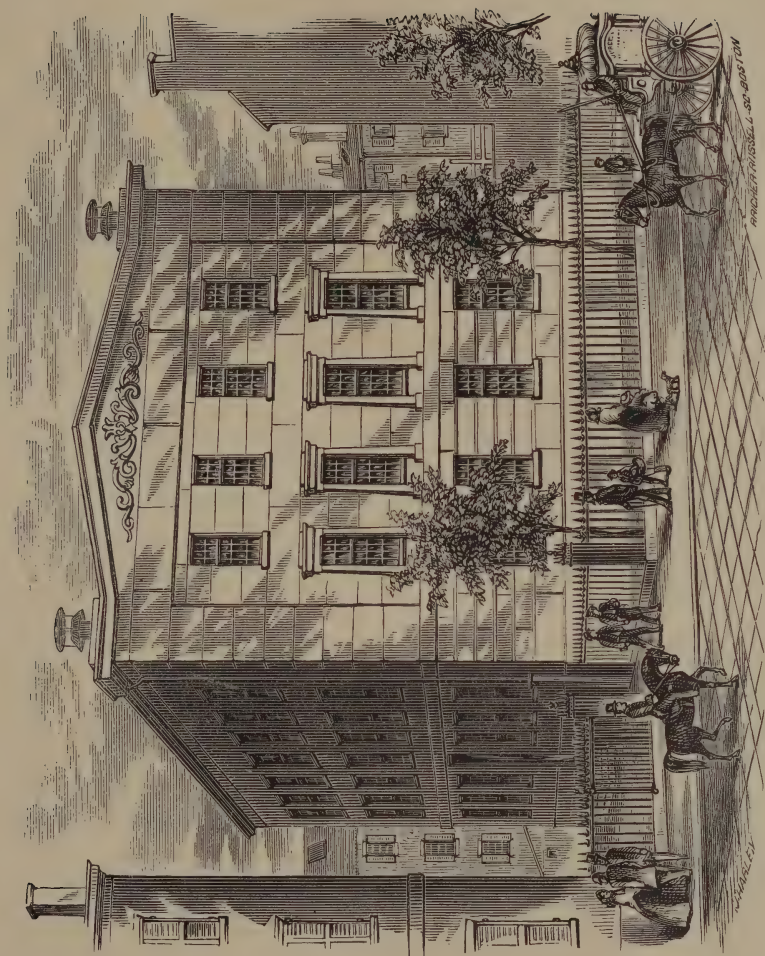
do to get an approbation card was to be free of misdemeanor marks, any tardiness or absence, and to have a pass mark in all your subjects for one week, just one week.

Nowadays the boys have to maintain that standard for one month to get the cards. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.] If in addition to merely passing, the boy maintains 60 in all his marks for the month, he gets the approbation card with distinction. I am about to present this approbation card, this approbation card with distinction as you may see, to a boy of the Class of 1858 for conduct above criticism, perfect attendance, and work of superior grade for the past 96 years, to Mr. Henry Munroe Rogers. [APPLAUSE, CHEERS, WHISTLES.] The Governor said it was a long time to wait for that card. Mr. Rogers.

### *Mr. Henry Munroe Rogers*

Mr. President, Governor Curley, and brethren of the Public Latin School of Boston, in 1853 I left the English High School [CHEERS] and went into the next door to the Public Latin School of Boston. [CHEERS.] I had been a resident of Boston since my birth. [APPLAUSE.] My forebears were of Boston. My father was a merchant in Boston, and all of my traditions were of the city of Boston, and for 96 years I have loved the city of Boston and everything good, bad and indifferent that has happened in its history and said to myself, "Thank God I am a part of it for good or bad." [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

By that I do not mean to say that I have supported the bad with enthusiasm, but I learned certain things at the Public Latin School of Boston and I have been learning things tonight from the Class of 1935. It has always taught me something. It has been one of the great traditions of my life of 96 years that I can say, I was a graduate



Bedford Street Schoolhouse (1844-1881)



## TERCENTENARY DINNER

of the Public Latin School of Boston." [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

Tonight I am wearing for the first time in public a medal that I received in 1858 from the hands of Francis Gardner, the greatest teacher that I ever knew [APPLAUSE] in the 96 years of my life [APPLAUSE]; and as I look back on these years that I have passed, and sitting here tonight and learning new things from the Class of 1935, I say that what you are learning today from the Public Latin School of Boston I, too, learned 77 years ago, and they belong to the teachings of the infinite; they do not belong to the teachings of our mere day-by-day life. They are the teachings that are the foundations not only of character, but of a city and of a nation, too.

In 1853 I became a member of a class in the Public Latin School. There was a great teacher who came to the Public Latin School in 1855. His name was Phillips Brooks. Some of you may have heard of him. [APPLAUSE.] He was a man then of 20 years of age when he came there, or 22 years; about 20 years of age when he came in 1855, after I had been in the school for two years.

Phillips Brooks took charge first of the fifth class which was made up of nice, pleasant, decent, utterly self-respecting pupils, and then he got what would be called a promotion. That is, he got what—if my friends will pardon me—we used to call an Irish promotion, a step backwards [LAUGHTER], and then he took charge of my class. He must have been then about 22 or 23 years of age. He was wonderfully mature, but his face was that of a boy.

After he had been with my class for one month—I want to be accurate and so I have written down the exact words that he italicized and wrote to a friend—speaking of my class he said:—"They are the most disagreeable set



of creatures that I have ever known." [LAUGHTER.] And he persisted in that idea for so long that he said, "The Public Latin School is no place for me," and therefore he retired as a teacher and then I read, some years afterwards this, after he had become the great preacher and the most beloved that, perhaps, Boston ever knew as a bishop of Massachusetts.

I sat by him and with him and, on his death, I stood as a part of the guard of honor at Trinity Church looking into his dead face as thousands of the citizens passed by in order that they might tearfully do honor to the man who stood alone as the great exemplar and the great teacher who had been in Boston. But no matter for that. That is another story and I will tell you about that some other time.

Phillips Brooks left the Public Latin School because he had this idea of our class and he did not think that he then, with all of these premonitions of what was coming to him, that he could reform this class of mine. [LAUGHTER.] He could reform the rest of the world [LAUGHTER], but he could not reform this class. [LAUGHTER; APPLAUSE.]

And so it came about that some years afterwards, I read, after Phillips Brooks had become almost ready for sainthood, that the class of the Latin School were the instruments of God to drive him into the profession of the church and to lead to his abandonment of his intended profession as a school teacher [LAUGHTER]; and as I read that I said that the Class of 1862, or rather the Class of 1858 at the Public Latin School, if the Class of 1858, as Phillips Brooks knew it, had anything to do with God, it must have been when God was in disguise, for I never saw it. [LAUGHTER.]

"God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." That crops out tonight with me as I stand here and



## TERCENTENARY DINNER

look at you, and at my young friends here of the Class of 1935, and I say to you that, out of this great big panorama that I see and look back upon, of human life here and there, there is a great character that stands up as if alone, and I say to myself today, and I have been saying today and yesterday when I have been among you, Let me think backward.

“Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight  
Make me a boy again just for tonight.”

And so I grasp this medal that I received from the hands of Francis Gardner in 1858 and I say, Let it tell to you young men the kind of man that Francis Gardner was. He hated shams. He believed in manhood, and while he was trying to assist us in knowing something of Latin and Greek, he was also trying to make us understand that character is definite and that, without character, neither the Boston Latin School boys nor the Republic of the United States could stand, without having character as the foundation stone of either one or the other. [APPLAUSE.]

And so I left Francis Gardner with all his ruggedness, with all his abruptness and with all the things that used to be said about him, and I said, Thank God that I have been with such a man as Francis Gardner. And then I drifted almost inevitably into the Class of 1862 in Harvard, and that was at the time of the Civil War.

I entered Harvard in 1858. Many of my classmates were of the South. We talked and we talked and we talked and we loved each other, but the time came, and it came while I was still with them, that the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and then we said farewell to them with breaking hearts, because we knew that they were going to fight for the truth, as they saw it.

And that is one of the lessons that I learned here. Fight for the truth as you see it. Your self-made laws are the laws for you to follow, and remember that you must make use of your souls or else, as described by the great writer and a great poet, "They made no use of their souls and so they lost them."

And then it came about that the drums began to beat, and I along with the rest of my class, had to meet the new conditions of civil war. What are you going to do with this eternal "Veritas" which is on the shield of this institution of learning? What are you going to do for the truth, as you see it? And so it came about that I, after having fitted for the army was rejected in a way and went to Washington, and there I sat with Abraham Lincoln in the White House, alone with him and looked into that sad face of his. It was shortly after the battle of Antietam. We had lost. I mean the country had lost 25,000 of the very best of the youth of the country, and that sad face of his haunted me.

He had just then issued the Emancipation Proclamation and it looked to me, as I gazed into that sad face, as if he were to carry the sins and sufferings of a thousand years; and I left his presence with a letter and following his instructions, I entered the Navy of the United States in November of 1862, and then for three years, having in mind Francis Gardner and Abraham Lincoln and all the traditions of the Public Latin School of Boston and of the college from which I was graduated, I said, What have you to do in order to prove that the manhood that Francis Gardner put into your soul, the manhood and the *veritas* that Harvard College has taught you, what are you going to do?

And then, as I say, for more than three years of war, patriotism I put even above truth, and some times as I

## TERCENTENARY DINNER

thought of the bloody noses and the cracked crowns of those three years of war,—the damndest thing that God Almighty has ever permitted among a people is war, and if one of you or any of you have seen people dying for the truth as they saw it, you have been outraged in the spirit of the highest ideals that there was not some way left among men to prevent war. [APPLAUSE.]

But be that as it may, there are things even worse than war and one of them is the sacrifice of the immortal part of you that joins you to the great and living God. Whether you and I agree with this or that or the other thing, you have got to live up to the highest ideals that you have been taught, not heeding what the result may be. You are simply playing the game with the best light that you have, with history back of you, with ideals that you have been cherishing, and now let us see what you are going to do in order to prove your manhood, your high citizenship, your integrity of character, your allegiance to the Infinite God.

That is all you have to prove and I wish you to understand that the Latin School has taught me and Harvard College has taught me, as I look back upon my 96 years, that there is only one thing in life that is worth having, there is only one thing worth fighting for, there is only one thing that will connect you for an eternity with the great and living God, and that is work; work for ideals and your belief that those ideals can be accomplished. Never for a moment be satisfied with that damned, shiftless, "Where do I come in" attitude.

Service! You have the highest authority that has ever been heard of, gentlemen. You have the highest authority of a past to say to you, "There is nothing that is worth having that is not connected with character and with that

part of you that is of the individual connection between you and the Infinite God. [APPLAUSE.]

Now my friends I say to you today in all sincerity that, from my point of view, we are passing through one of the most interesting, one of the most absorbing crises in our history. I understand that I belong to the past. I understand that I belong, if you please, and that I am now treading the path with those of the past, and that I am in an age which knows no duty. But I say to you my friends, principles endure, and the only things that do endure are principles. [APPLAUSE.]

There is a story abroad that we are passing through an era of evolution today. That may be true but we have not yet reached the period of evolution. The great philosophers of the east told you 10,000 years ago that before evolution, mind you, before evolution, must come another process. The great philosophers of antiquity have told you that materialism goes into a seething pot and is boiling and boiling through certain ages, and the natural forces at the same time with the material forces are in one great seething cauldron, and you think the eternal forces are gone. Not so.

Bismarck knew better than that when he said to the German people, "Remember one thing. Do not attack the imponderable. If you do Germany goes down." And what are the imponderables? The things you can not weigh, the things belonging to the immaterial and the eternal and the everlasting soul within you; and it is to that and to that alone that you should turn as your compass and your guide.

And the philosophers of the East say next, "And when will there come out of this, not evolution, but when will there come out of it revolution which anticipates evolution? When will the natural forces begin to show them-



selves? We know you can not kill them, but they are not in evidence. What are you going to do? What shall we look for?"

And they say, "Do not be afraid. Let not your heart be troubled for I tell you that out of that seething cauldron of materialism will come the natural forces, and they will clean their wings and take their flight as does the fly purge and clean its wings from the honey pot."

My friends, I wish it were possible for me to tell you what I feel I owe to Francis Gardner and to those with whom I was associated in the Latin School of Boston, and I say to all of you young men and to you older men that it makes no difference. Age is only a matter of a state of mind. The oldest man I ever knew died at the age of 21. [LAUGHTER.] He had exhausted everything in life. It was like a man who simply said that he was through. I said to those who loved him, The only trouble with him is that he fights. God never has loved fighters. God is a jealous God and therefore he will be translated before he has reached his twenty-second year. And so it was.

Age is a mere incentive. I look back upon a panorama that is to me most exceptionally interesting, for I have been, until within a few years, in almost constant correspondence with the oldest living graduate of Yale, who was 101 years old on the 11th day of last May. He has now passed on, but as I read what he wrote to me and saw his handwriting, and as we exchanged our views with each other, I could not help feeling that we might have been born at a time when we were brought more closely in harmony with what we might call, or what we thought were, basic principles.

For he, like myself, believed that this great Republic of ours was made in order that we might show an example to the nations of what liberty means and what obedience



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to law means; and I could not help thinking, as I read those marvelous words of Carlisle's when he quoted that most marvelous of all of Goethe's poems, what he calls, "The forging tools of humanity," "Work and fear not. I bid you be of hope." [CHEERS; APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. At this time we are going to have a musical number, an especially interesting one. I noticed when I looked down at the bottom of the bill of fare, or I thought when I looked through it at a quick glance, that they had held out something on us.

It says on the left, "Cantus Vocum," and at the right, "Cantus Nervorum." The left, I suppose means, "There will be singing by certain ones who have voices"; [LAUGHTER] and the words at the right,—well, I will leave it to you. [LAUGHTER.] It seems like a harking back to Caesar and the Nervii, or something of that sort. Well, I suppose the congregational singing justified that.

At all events we are going to hear now from a Latin School boy with a beautiful voice which you have heard from time to time in the past, Adrian O'Brien. [APPLAUSE.]

[Song by Mr. Adrian O'Brien.]

The TOASTMASTER. Thank you, Adrian. If we had a music department in the school, we know where we would start it. At this time I am going to call upon his Excellency the Governor to extend to this body the greetings of the Commonwealth. [APPLAUSE.]

*Governor James Michael Curley*

Mr. Toastmaster, honored guests and graduates of the Boston Latin School, I want, at the opening to express my regrets that I can not appear here as a graduate of the

## TERCENTENARY DINNER

Boston Latin School; but I have a profound appreciation of just what the Boston Latin School means and has meant in the life of Boston and in the life of the Commonwealth, and it has been my privilege to send four of my sons to it, and the remaining one will attend it when age will permit. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

I took some measure of peace in the knowledge that I had just a little something to do with the elevation of a principal of the Boston Latin School, the first one ever to hold the position, to the position of the Superintendent of Schools of Boston, "Pat" Campbell. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

I listened to the wonderful address of my dear good friend, Henry Rogers, whom I have known for 30 years, and I want to say that I think I have been especially fortunate in being permitted to come here and sit with you and listen to the words of wisdom as expounded by him. We do not fully appreciate just what is passing from the life of the American nation with the passing of the Grand Army of the Republic.

I attended last week one of the last conventions that will be held of that great army in Massachusetts. There were 30 members present. In the entire nation but 7,000 of the Grand Army are now living, 7,000 representatives of that once mighty host numbering more than 2,700,000 that answered the call of Father Abraham during the period of the Civil War. And I was privileged to listen to a man as youthful in his ideas and almost equal in years to the honored guest of the Class of 1858 of the Latin School, Henry Rogers.

During the course of the evening the Daughters or the Women's Relief Corps of the Grand Army presented him with a bouquet of flowers, and he then made one of the most touching addresses that I have ever been priv-

ileged to listen to. He sort of caressed the flowers and he said:

"It was so kind of you to give me flowers. You have been giving me flowers for sixty-two years. Sixty-two years. And for fifty of those years I have brought those flowers home to the sharer of my joys and sorrows, and I have seen the look of joy come into her eyes, come into her eyes, come into her eyes; but tonight I bring those flowers home to a lonely room. She is gone, to return no more, forever, forever."

He said he was not an orator when he was introduced, as Brother Rogers might well have said, but his speech was one that made Demosthenes and Cicero look like a couple of peddlers of vegetables, and just the same with Rogers tonight. The individual must have it in his heart to give expression to the character of sentiment that was uttered by that old Grand Army man last week and by the other Grand Army man tonight, your fellow alumnus Henry Rogers. [APPLAUSE.]

I rejoiced in the privilege of sending my boys to the Latin School. I never was privileged to go to a day high school myself. I went to a night high school for three years, but I can well appreciate just what it meant to go to an institution where they make men, develop the best that is in the individual boy and drive out the weakest traits that are common to nearly every man.

I can recall one day sitting with Mrs. Curley, God rest her soul, looking out of the window down Moraine Street, and we saw this little lad coming along; his coat and vest were all rumpled and his face was so marked up you could not tell if it was a human being or not. Mrs. Curley said, "I wonder what happened to that child."

I recognized the child myself. "Oh," I said, "he probably met with a little accident." When he got near we

discovered who it was. It was James, the first boy to go to the Latin School and learn his lessons. [LAUGHTER.] We had sent him to the Sacred Heart Convent on Washington Street in Roxbury before that. They took boys there until they were 12 years of age, and at the age of 12 they were obliged to go to another school. So we decided to send him to the Latin School, and he went there.

He was rather a strong but a delicate looking lad, and when he came in the house we said, "What happened?" "Well," he said, "I have been going to the school now for two months. I have had to lick two boys in the class every week." He said, "There were three that were a little stronger and bigger and I had a long tussle with them, and," he said, "one of them kicked my lunch bag today and broke the thermos bottle. I invited him out in the alley after school and we went out in the alley. It rained last night and there was still a little water in the gutter."

He said, "I knew he was stronger and had a longer reach than I, so I thought I would let him tire himself out punching me and cover up as best I could and after about 10 minutes when he had been punching me, some woman saw us and cried out, 'Stop killing that boy.' " He said, "It was a friendly voice and I looked up, and when I did that, he got me under the chin." [LAUGHTER.]

"Well," I said, "that is all right. Starting in tomorrow I will give you boxing lessons with a first class instructor, and you tell that boy that six weeks from today you want to wrestle with him." He attended strictly to the boxing instructions and by the end of the six weeks, he was so good that the other boy would not take him on. It was his chance. Another boy licked.

He was late one day and did not get home until about



nine o'clock at night. Meanwhile I had called up Mr. Campbell to find out what the trouble was. "Well," he said, "your son entered the contest to win the Washington-Franklin medal on history, and he asked me how long a boy could continue answering those questions, and," he said, "I told him he could answer as long as he wanted to."

He said, "I was curious myself to see how long he would remain in without taking any food." He remained until nearly eight o'clock and he won the Washington-Franklin medal. [APPLAUSE.] I was proud of the lad, but I was more proud of the school that he attended, and I wish there was a Boston Latin School with the same rigorous treatment, in every city in the nation, although it is hard on the parents [LAUGHTER], because it seemed to me they studied more at home than they did at school.

Doing the home lessons each night consumed four or five hours but you were developing character, you were teaching the most important essential in a nation's boyhood as I see it. You were teaching the value of hard work. You were teaching the value of industry. You were teaching the necessity of study, and you were developing manly traits in those boys. If we had an institution like the Boston Latin School in every city in the United States, we would have no crime wave in America. [APPLAUSE] We would have less pinks and reds and more of red, white and blues. [APPLAUSE.]

And so it is a great privilege to come here and a great privilege to congratulate this splendid organization of moulders of genuine American public opinion, the graduates of the Boston Latin School. [APPLAUSE.] If I were to express a wish, it might be along the lines of the story they tell about the young man whose mother died of tuberculosis early in life and who wanted to take out



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some life insurance, and so he went to the doctor for an examination.

The doctor said to him, "How old was your mother when she died?" The young man said, "32." The doctor asked him, "What did she die of?" And the young man said, "Tuberculosis." Then the doctor said, "How old was your father when he died?" The young man said, "34". "What did he die of?" The young man replied, "Pneumonia."

He was rejected and he went to a friend and told him about it and the friend said, "You should have your father and mother die a little later in life." So the young man went to another company and the doctor asked him, "How old was your father when he died?" The young man said, "97." The doctor said, "What did he die of?" The young man replied, "Father was out fox hunting at 97 and fell off his horse." "What did your mother die of?" asked the doctor. "Oh," said the young man, "she died of child-birth." "How old was mother when she died?" asked the doctor. "103" answered the young man. [LAUGHTER.]

Some one has wisely said that it is not how long you live, but how well you live, and if we could all live as well as Brother Rogers has informed us tonight that he has lived—and I know him to be truthful—this would be a better country for every one to live in. [APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. As the Governor said, the Latin School is hard on the parents. As you know, when the report card comes home, it looks as if there had been a hemorrhage, and you will find as you look at Jimmy's report card that mother has failed again in English and dad has failed again in algebra. [LAUGHTER.] This is the day of adult education.

Unfortunately his Honor the Mayor was not able to be with us tonight because of an affliction to his health, and we wish to express our sympathy with him for that; but we have to represent him a gentleman on our committee who would have been at the head table anyway, but who is sitting on my left at this time, Mr. Carl Dreyfus. [APPLAUSE.]

*Mr. Carl Dreyfus*

Gentlemen, if ever a man had a tough assignment I have that assignment tonight. To speak after so eloquent an orator as Governor Curley is difficult enough, but to have to speak after two such orations and particularly after that of Mr. Rogers, seems almost hopeless.

As I came in the hotel tonight my mind went back to the old days on Warren Avenue, where I spent six happy years. My feet were carrying me up the few stairs on the Dartmouth Street side of the building. My eyes looked in the assembly hall and I saw dear, kind Moses Merrill in one of those memorable Monday morning gatherings. And I saw there, too, Charles J. Capen [APPLAUSE], and Arthur Fiske [APPLAUSE], and kindly Mr. Chadwick [APPLAUSE], and nervous Stuffy Gross [CHEERS, APPLAUSE], and Mr. Emery, with his port side lurch [LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE.] And I saw there too, Tom Mullen who is seated up here tonight. He has just sneaked over here. [LAUGHTER.]

And then I came to [LAUGHTER, CHEERS] and I realized that I was in the Copley-Plaza Hotel and that I was supposed to be representing the City of Boston at this celebration, and I realized how heavy was that responsibility, for I have been but an honorary member of the committee on arrangements, and this honor of represent-

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ing the mayor should fall on worthier shoulders than mine.

In the 50 years or more that I have attended festivities, I seem to remember that when the governor or the mayor is not present, and somebody is asked to represent him, that he commences something like this: "I bring you the greetings of the city." And so I do tonight with all my heart. I can for the moment, however, put aside my mere personal pride in my first Alma Mater, and dwell upon a larger pride, that of the City of Boston, which feels such deep satisfaction in the glory of its great and its oldest school.

Our community has always regarded the Boston Latin School as a great school. One has only to glance over the list of its graduates to realize that our democratic class rooms have produced some of this country's most brilliant intellectual aristocrats. It is no secret that Boston's position as the Hub of the Universe was created by this same dear old Latin School.

In fact the leadership that the glorious State of Massachusetts has always maintained, not only in progressive scholarship but also in carefully planned philanthropy and in the devoted care of the under-privileged, found its fountain head of inspiration in the graduates of this school.

Ladies and gentlemen,—gentlemen, I should say—there are a few ladies in the gallery—Boston is proud today, proud of these years of undisputed accomplishment, proud of its imposing list of graduates, proud of the magnificent position that the Latin School of Boston holds not only in this country, but throughout the entire civilized world. [APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. At this time gentlemen, I am going to ask another Latin School boy to sing, another

man of a quality at least equal to that of the gentleman you heard; Hudson Carmody of the Class of 1922. [APPLAUSE.]

[Song by Mr. Hudson Carmody. APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. Now I am going to ask four gentlemen to stand as I call their names. Edwin Thomas Witherby, '04, chairman of the program committee. [CHEERS.] Samuel Silverman, '11—I am giving class numerals and not ages—chairman of the banquet committee. [CHEERS.] Joseph O'Neill, '99, chairman of the memorials committee. [APPLAUSE.] And the secretary of the committee, Lee Joseph Dunn, '24, who has stood between us and chaos. [APPLAUSE, CHEERS.]

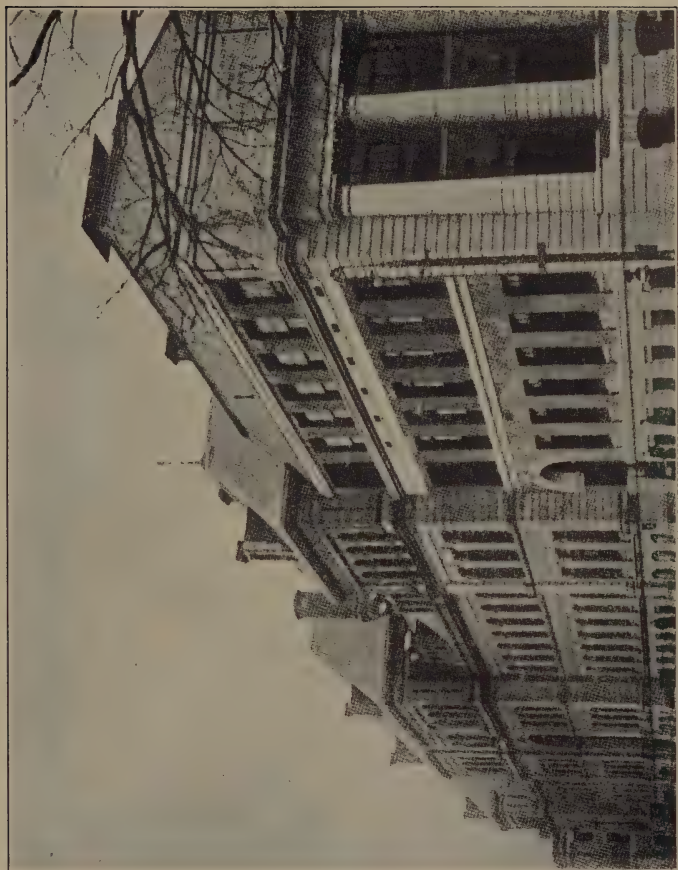
These gentlemen are the backfield. These are the four horsemen of this particular Apocalypse. [CHEERS, APPLAUSE.] And now I am going to call next on the captain of the team. When Charles W. Eliot had occasion at one time to introduce Bourke Cockran in Sanders Theatre, his introduction was as follows: "I present W. Bourke Cockran, an orator." That was his speech. Let me be equally concise. I present Doctor Patrick Thomas Campbell—the Latin School. [APPLAUSE, CHEERS.]

A VOICE. Three cheers for Pat. Campbell. [CHEERS, APPLAUSE.]

*Doctor Patrick Thomas Campbell*

Gentlemen, as I look around here tonight I am reminded of that little story of ours that you all used to recite: "A more repulsive picture can hardly be imagined; a mob and moneyed class and the aristocracy equally worthless, hating each other and hated by the rest of





*Warren Avenue Schoolhouse (1881-1922)*





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the world." You know the rest of it yourselves. [LAUGHTER.]

You know I can not make a speech (cries of "Oh") and I am not going to try, because if I started I should never be able to stop, and Mr. Powers would never be able to get the rest of the program carried out. However, I do want to read to you one or two little things that have come up which I think you will appreciate. This one was received this afternoon: [READS.]

"The President and Fellows of Harvard College to the Boston Latin School, Greeting.

"We beg to offer our heartiest felicitations to the Head Master, teachers, students and alumni of the Boston Latin School on its three hundredth anniversary. Preceding by a year the establishment of Harvard College, this oldest of American public schools that has a record of continuous service in free, non-sectarian education, stands as a living monument to the faith and the foresight of a pioneer community which made fidelity and learning the foundation stones of the Commonwealth.

If the nation of which that Commonwealth was to form one of the original members lay far beyond the vision of that day, the people of Boston nevertheless established a principle so sound that it has sustained a structure of national proportions which remains today as at the beginning, the chief bulwark of free government.

"But this anniversary has a more intimate significance to us. The Boston Latin School and Harvard College owe their establishment to the same faith in education and to the honorable efforts of the same community. From the earliest days graduates of the one have come to the other in large numbers. In their persons and through their experience of a joint obligation to school and college, the two institutions have always been united by a common service.

"To our felicitations therefore we add our gratitude to the Boston Latin School for three centuries of service to Harvard College as well as to the whole community, and our best wishes for the future already pledged by a long and honorable past.

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"Given at Cambridge this twenty-third day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six—"

There is something wrong there. It does say "1936" in this paper, though. [LAUGHTER; READS FURTHER.]

". . . and of Harvard College the two hundred and ninety-ninth.

"For the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Jerome D. Green, Secretary to the Corporation."

I shall have the great pleasure of calling the attention of Mr. Green of the Harvard Corporation to the error in the date. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

The other day to my office came two gentlemen bearing gifts of those they came from, and of course I did not refuse them. I will read what it says in this beautiful scroll here. [READS.]

"High School of Commerce Alumni Association to Doctor Patrick T. Campbell, President, Public Latin School Alumni Association, Boston, April 23, 1935.

"As graduates of one of the thousands of secondary schools that have followed in the wake of the Public Latin School, and as graduates of a neighboring school in Boston's institutional area, the alumni of the High School of Commerce wish to felicitate the alumni of the Public Latin School on the three hundredth anniversary of the establishment of that school, and to congratulate them on the illustrious alumni and worthy achievements that have characterized the three hundred years of service and leadership of the Public Latin School. Paul R. Gold, President."

I shall take it for granted that you will authorize me, as President of the Alumni Association of the Public Latin School, to acknowledge the receipt of these felicitations and to return to them our deep thanks for their favor. [CHEERS; APPLAUSE.]

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I will not read to you the Santayana letter because it is printed in full on the second page of the program of the afternoon exercises which you did not attend [LAUGHTER], but you will find it a priceless gem of English. You will not find anything like it once in a hundred years. Of course you know that George Santayana was and is a master of English verse and of English prose. When he writes prose it is really poetry. [APPLAUSE.]

When Santayana was in the Latin School he was censured at one time for some verses that he wrote upon leaving the Bedford Street building, when they moved up from Bedford Street to Warren Avenue, where most of us were brought up. I will read you just a few lines to show the sin that he committed. [READS.]

"And now the Muse, meaning no disrespect,  
Will one by one the teachers all inspect.  
First let the lordly Moses be her theme, [LAUGHTER],  
Of kindly heart though frowning, fierce he seem;  
Though not so mighty as would suit his mood  
What power he gets he makes use of for good.  
Next Farmer Cudjo, far behind the age,  
Musician, linguist, moralist and sage;  
Who talks of everything but what he ought  
And knows so much that he can teach us naught;

[LAUGHTER; APPLAUSE.]

Bound to display the treasures of his mind  
'Tis hard a moment for the French to find;  
So set on showing off his store of knowledge  
That there is doubt if we get into college. [LAUGHTER.]  
And next, oh contrast happy and complete,  
He whose great name I need not here repeat  
For nothing that my verse of him might say  
Would to that name a worthy tribute pay."

That is Arthur Irving Fiske. [APPLAUSE; READS FURTHER.]

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"After him, Chadwick who when he gets mad,  
Shouts that our Latin is most 'shocking bad,'  
And then proceeds in the most reckless manner  
To violate the rules of English grammar,

[LAUGHTER; APPLAUSE]

And now curtails study and Bible reading  
Neither our rights nor pious wishes heeding.  
The name of Stuffy [LAUGHTER] I can not pass by,  
Good, jovial soul, who never can be dry,  
But often cross; and whose uncertain mood  
I think must be dependent upon his food [LAUGHTER.]  
One day he's arbitrary, cutting, set,  
"The next, the jolliest man you ever met.  
And last and least is Pierce [APPLAUSE], just now  
let out  
From college with fresh knowledge armed throughout  
Who when he's asked the lesson to explain,  
Says with a smile that it's all very plain."

And so for that evidence of early erudition Santayana  
was censured and the poem was suppressed. [APPLAUSE;  
LAUGHTER.]

I will take just a minute or two to say some things to  
you about one or two of the Latin School men whom I  
knew, for you know I went there in 1885, but not to  
teach. Perhaps I never taught, I do not know. [LAUGH-  
TER.]

Doctor Merrill was a second founder of that school.  
It had gone down to about 200 students when he took  
it over and it had a rebirth founded, not on his leader-  
ship entirely, which was remarkable, but upon his char-  
acter. You who knew him as I knew him, will agree with  
me that there never was a better man in the world, and  
that character of his impressed itself upon every boy and  
upon every part of the school. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

Following him came Arthur Fiske. We irreverent



boys—and I was one of them—called him Pa Fiske. He was the most courageous man that ever sat in the head master's chair. Nothing could turn him from the path of duty.

I remember Mr. Fiske came to school one day and told us that the School Committee had voted to give diplomas to six boys to whom the Head Master had refused them. Later Mr. Brooks the Superintendent of Schools, told me the story of the conference between Mr. Fiske and Mr. James J. Storrow, the Chairman of the School Committee.

Said Mr. Storrow to Doctor Fiske—he was then Mr. Fiske, “Mr. Fiske, we have granted diplomas to so and so and so and so (naming the boys.)” “Yes,” said Mr. Fiske in his pleasant manner, “I thought you might; but the trouble is, Mr. Storrow, that I can not bring myself to sign diplomas for those boys.” Since Mr. Storrow made no comments, Mr. Fiske considered the conference at an end and quietly withdrew.

Mr. Brooks began to laugh; and when Mr. Storrow asked why he was laughing, said, “I am laughing at you.” “Why?” said Mr. Storrow. “Because,” said Mr. Brooks, “they will not get the diplomas.” Mr. Storrow said, “Did we not grant them?” “Yes,” said Mr. Brooks, “but Fiske will not sign them.” And he did not sign them, and the boys did not get the diplomas. [LAUGHTER; APPLAUSE.] Mr. Fiske, in commenting on this conference, said to me, “Mr. Campbell I shall never give an order that to my mind is the first step in making the Public Latin School a second rate school.”

And then they conferred upon Mr. Fiske the degree of L.H.D. and soon after I had occasion to write a letter to him, and I said, “Arthur I. Fiske, L.H.D.” Promptly came back a letter addressed to me as “Patrick T. Camp-

bell, H.D.H." When I saw him next I said to Doctor Fiske, "What in the world does that mean? I could not figure it out." "Well, of course," he said, "it means Head of the Department of History." [LAUGHTER.] I did not tack any letters on his name after that, but he tacked two on mine which were the proudest boast that I ever can have. He conferred upon me a unique degree held by no other man in America, the degree of A.D., *Advocatus Diaboli*. [APPLAUSE; LAUGHTER.]

Of course I used to ask favors of him for various boys, and he once said to me, "Every time you open my door, I might well say, Who is it now?" [LAUGHTER.] But I never asked him for a favor for any boy that he did not grant, because I never troubled his conscience at all.

Then came Mr. Pennypacker. [APPLAUSE.] Some of you did not know him very well. [CHEERS.] You who did know him will remember that old brown jacket, out at the elbow and split up the back, with all the stains of the rainbow on the lapels and down the front, red ink and green and blue ink and black ink. No other man in the world could have worn that jacket in any school and survived save Pennypacker, but when he put it on it was as if a priest put on his vestments.

And so it was through his term; and we were reminded, with the most keen regret, that God in his wisdom did not allow Henry Pennypacker to live long enough to sit here with the boys of the Latin School on this three hundredth anniversary of its founding. I know that it was the greatest wish, almost, of his life, but it was denied him. And so the school goes on.

I can not tell you, because I have no words to tell you, the depth of my feeling at looking upon you boys, all of you, some perhaps a little older than I am even [LAUGHTER], but all boys of the Public Latin School. You are

never anything else. I go down town with Mrs. Campbell some times, and a chap will speak to me, and she says, "Who was that?" And I say, "Oh, one of the Latin School boys." [LAUGHTER.] And she will say, "Do they never grow up?" [LAUGHTER.] And my invariable reply is, "No, they never grow up."

Tonight his Excellency said in my ear, "Who was the first master of the Latin School?" I said, "Philemon Pormort." He said, "Is he there yet?" [LAUGHTER.] And I said, "Yes, he is there yet." And every other man that has taught in the Latin School is there yet and every boy that has passed through its doors is there yet, and no master in the Latin School dare do less than his best because he knows that in back of him stands every man who has been in that school for 300 years. And no boy dares do less than his best in building up and continuing the tradition that you and I know is the Latin School.

To be a part of the Latin School is a great honor. I thank God that my lines were cast there, and I know of no privilege so great as the privilege of having associated with the boys of the Latin School for more than thirty years. And then I got one of those Irish promotions that Mr. Rogers spoke about [LAUGHTER.] I was made Superintendent of Schools, but that is not a promotion. There is no promotion from the head master's chair of the Boston Latin School. [APPLAUSE.]

When I became the superintendent of schools, the Public Latin School was passed on to able hands and it still goes on, successful in the building of character and the building of scholars. Mr. Powers has carried on faithfully and I know that in his hands the school is safe. [APPLAUSE.]

And now I will give you, for my closing, a little exercise in Latin sight translation.

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

"O mihi praeteritos referat si Iupiter annos."

"Would that God would give back to me those vanished years." [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

The TOASTMASTER. You never can tell when a boy is in the Latin School just what he is going to make of himself. That is why even vocational education is a big gamble. When the next speaker was in Latin School you might have said that he would probably turn out to be a professional athlete or perhaps a soldier. During his last year in Latin School he played basket ball, he was manager of the track team and manager of the football team; I should have said, first baseman and captain of the baseball team. He led a prize company in the military drill, and he was the colonel of the regiment and class president.

You could not tell from that, that he was going to be the greatest animal trainer in the United States, making the bulls and the bears eat out of his hands. [LAUGHTER.] When he went to college he was still a great athlete, and nobody else had a chance at first base at Harvard while he was there playing the same hard clean game and showing the same qualities of intelligent and personal integrity and force of character.

He went into the banking business thereafter, and the same qualifications soon brought him national note; to the effect that a few months ago he was called to Washington as chairman of that important Securities and Exchange Commission. And from the date of his appointment anybody who has dared to float securities—with security—found that he had to play ball, and play the game straight, with the Honorable Joseph Patrick Kennedy of the Class of 1908. [APPLAUSE.]



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### *Honorable Joseph Patrick Kennedy*

Mr. Powers, fellow alumni and gentlemen, Mr. Dreyfus felt badly when he had two orators preceding him. I have now had Pat. Campbell ahead of me and in addition to that, I have seen the pictures taken tonight with the ribbon across my chest and I do not know what Huey Long is going to say about a Government employee decorated by a foreign government sitting at a head table. [LAUGHTER.]

I also would like to have the privilege of making a speech without any notes but in my first speech in New York I used an expression in which I paid my respects to what I called "Shoe string operators." I had a very definite meaning for that expression and I dare say it was clear to all present what I meant; but the following day my speech was spread a foot high and editorials printed in the New York press, about my trying to eliminate the little fellow from the market; and since then I have written everything and read it very, very carefully. Not that there is anything in this that would not bear repetition. However, here it goes.

This is certainly an unique occasion. Never before in the history of our country has a secondary school celebrated a tercentenary. It will be many, many years before any secondary rival can claim three hundred years of useful, honorable excellence in the great responsibility of teaching the youth of America.

The invitation to be here tonight was for me a precious opportunity to utter a simple word of gratitude for the institution for which I have a very special love and devotion. To strangers I could not possibly convey the reasons for the powerful and sweet hold which the school has upon my affections. It would be like trying to explain to strangers why I love my family. And to the



intimates, to the family itself, it would be just a little funny to explain why one loves them, and of course some intimacies are not bared to strangers.

But there are occasional family events when one overcomes shyness and really puts into words the affection one feels. Those feelings of affection are, when all is said and done, the best stimulus to endeavor and the unfailing reliance in times of storm and stress, which inevitably are encountered by all men who feel and think and care.

Frankly I am at a loss to know how to begin. An institution quite as much as an individual, is at a disadvantage when celebrating a birthday, even a 300th birthday. It certainly is an unique occasion. Perhaps our feeling toward the Boston Latin School can be best expressed by adapting Daniel Webster's famous eulogy of our Commonwealth, "Latin School—there she stands!" The Latin School has always been so outstanding that it never needed defenders and praise was but the declaration of the obvious.

To the historians I leave the task of telling the tale of the rugged colonists who, fifteen years after landing at Plymouth Rock and seven years after founding Salem, established on what we know as School Street, this Latin School of which we are the privileged beneficiaries. They little knew that this gallant display of their faith in knowledge was to become the most famous secondary school on the continent. Those stern Puritans had the rare wisdom to sense that enlightened society could evolve in the spirit of democracy only through the generous offer of education to all. Thus began the foundations of secondary school training as it developed in America, where the boy is judged on merit, where race and creed plays no part.

But what is the Latin School? Not bricks and mortar;

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not a faculty and student body; not an alumni association that never pays its dues and breaks bread but once in a while. To be sure, the Latin School is all of these, but to me the Latin School is ever so much more. No matter how precisely we define the Latin School in terms of physical things, its history or its illustrious alumni, the thing that makes the Latin School great eludes us if we search for it in that conventional manner of definition.

The quality I have in mind about the Latin School betokens the spirit. As a true spirit, our School is timeless and this fact becomes clear when on this day of rejoicing, we reflect that although three centuries of time have left their mark on the scroll of human destiny, today more than ever, this grand institution flourishes in the Athens of America.

Latin School was and is like a true spirit, quite independent of space. It matters not where the authorities choose to locate it, this attribute of the soul is constant whether in the house on School Street in the Puritan days of old Boston at the dawn of our history, or whether it be established in the grand old building on Warren Avenue during the lusty days of the Republic's history, or whether it be in the handsome edifice which so gracefully adorns the picturesque Fenway.

In all of these places our Latin School has been a symbol of pre-eminence, the first and the best. That it was the first school in America, is a matter of history. It was the forerunner of a system that transformed the world's attitude towards education. That it was and is, and always will be, the best is convincingly true to all of us, and we would regard as uninformed anyone who would have the temerity to doubt it.

And that is what the Latin School means to me—spirit. What else can explain the obvious phenomenon of

alumni loyalty? We are all familiar with the normal reaction of adults to their school history. For grammar school they entertain a very hazy recollection even the important events of entrance and graduation, successes and failures. For high school, apart from the memories of the diamond and the gridiron, recollection is an effort, but it is for their college that they save the warmth of their emotions, never failing to shed tears of joy as memory awakens to the strains of "Good Old Siwash."

As for graduate schools, no matter what respect or what admiration a professional man may entertain for his adopted Alma Mater, he seldom allows it to dim his loyalty, his affection and his devotion to his dear old college days.

But Latin School graduates are apart from all this. No matter what school, profession or calling its alumni may embrace, the Latin School always holds their first love. It is a truly remarkable fact, yet the experience of all of us proves it. This splendid gathering is eloquent testimony to the primary loyalty that is generated by our great institution. We are justly proud to have carried the banner of the Latin School. And for this sense of superiority we find ample justification in the thought that at this school we were given a training better than that attainable anywhere. We had better teachers, better students, and a better spirit.

The first time I ever heard the phrase, "Esprit de corps" was when it was pointed out to me that it was the chief advantage to be derived from a Latin School training. [LAUGHTER.] The Latin School as we know it was a shrine that somehow seemed to make us all feel that if we could stick it out at the Latin School, we were made of just a little better stuff than the rest of the fellows of

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our own age who were attending what we always thought were easier schools for the boys.

We just knew in those days that the Latin School was champion in its event, the best training for boys obtainable anywhere. And when a little later Harvard College reached over and took our beloved "Penny" to rule and regulate the admissions to Harvard College we just accepted it as the most natural thing in the world that the rest of the country would wish to do business the way the Latin School had always done it.

And we continued taking the Latin School for granted throughout our lives, as the *sine qua non* of education. Kipling says somewhere:

"God gave all men all earth to love  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each one spot should be  
Beloved over all."

The Latin School has always been and will always be that spot to us. It seemed that everyone knew that we were the best "prep" school in the country. The public officials and the City of Boston which maintained and supported the Latin School for us, must have felt the same way, for after all, were we not the only public school graduates who received actual sheepskins? Our diplomas, you remember, were printed on parchment whereas every other public school diploma was printed on paper. To drop into the vernacular, Latin School was "the class."

But we do not need to tell each other now what a great place Latin School is. Let us rather spend the time acknowledging the personal debt of gratitude we feel for the privilege of having been Latin School pupils and Latin School graduates.



## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

In reflection I tried to recall the other day, what was in my mind the year we finished at the Latin School. 1908 you know was a year of what was then called "depression." We were "panic babies" in the sense that we were graduated a few months after the 1907 panic. The heavens had fallen and the outlook was dark indeed. Leaders who should have known better were predicting that utter chaos was just around the corner. There were cranks then who, with their easy formula for wealth, caught the public ear, but only for a time.

So you see the world changes very little and the depression we talk about now had its counterpart when the Class of 1908 was at its peak. The Latin School then as now, anchored to the solid rock of principle, continued serene in her duty of teaching the youth of America the changeless truths of life. But none of us gave any thought to the surrounding gloom, which we have since learned saturated the country in those days, or paid heed to the dire forebodings of pessimists. The only things in our minds in those days were such facts as that we licked English High School at baseball for the first time in 20 years. Even Pa Walsh the janitor rejoiced in that sweet victory.

While throwing out our chests and boasting that we succeeded in getting through the hardest school in the country, we should not forget the other side of the picture which any fellow who took part in the school activities outside the class room can paint for you. Jakie Richardson for instance, must have held his classic nose in giving me a pass mark in Latin for Class I. [LAUGHTER.] He probably soothed his academic conscience with the thought that after all, baseball or football or the class presidency had a lot to do with "*Arma virumque cano.*"

Bill Campbell was another refuge of many boys whose



marks were perilously close to the line of disqualification. Fond memory will always weave a saintly wreath for Bill who, upon the death of Mr. Rollins, took over the course in Greek and with kindly magic increased my mark from zero in November to more than 90 in May. [LAUGHTER.]

I have never been able to explain how this scholastic metamorphosis escaped the prying eyes of Arthur Fiske, our Head Master. The head of the school, however, was not the strict disciplinarian and the dry-as-dust scholar we have always pictured him. He had a human side as well, as I learned from an incident that I heard some years after I had left school. "Penny" was a fine-looking, stalwart, athletic type of man who just vibrated with life and vitality in every movement. One day as "Penny" came swinging into the school building with powerful, masculine strides, Mr. Fiske pointed out the buoyant, striding "Penny" to a group of instructors and said, "It is a great thing we have a man like that around here. The boys can not point to him and say that is what Latin and Greek do for you." [LAUGHTER.]

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Powers have both suggested that I say something about Washington life. I prefer to say something about them, or rather about Mr. Campbell, because all of the younger Latin School men know Mr. Powers, owing to his recent administration of the school; but Mr. Campbell has been away from the school so long now that he has almost become a subject for historical treatment. [LAUGHTER.]

It is inspiring to find a graduate of the Latin School still devoting his time and efforts to educational work and exhibiting in that work all that we like to think is represented by Latin School ideals and practices. Because Mr. Campbell is forever sounding the praises of the boys whom he shepherded through youth and early manhood,

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

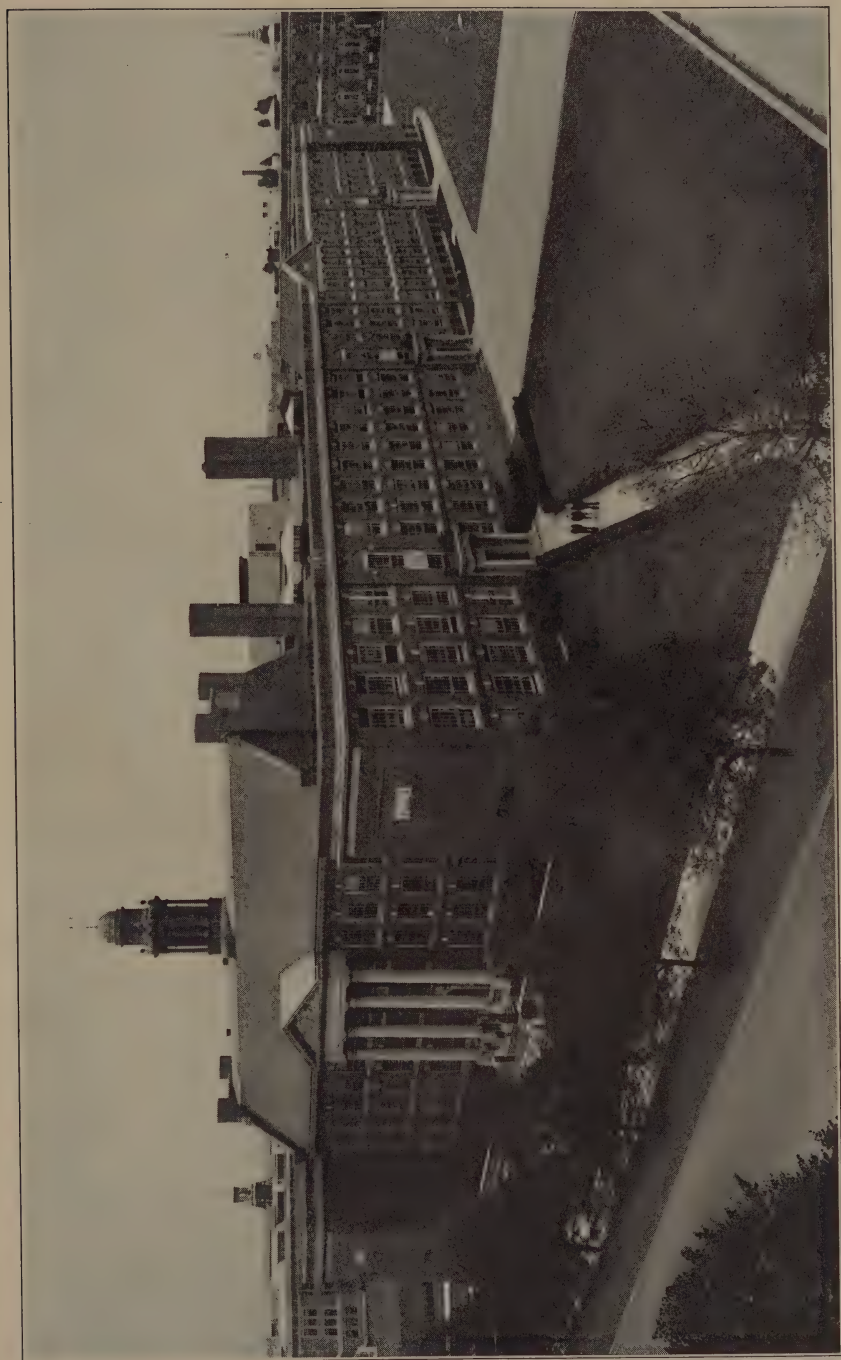
we lost sight of his own accomplishment. Yet there he stands like the Latin School itself, at the very top of his own profession, and he bears his part so casually that we take it all for granted.

"Pat" Campbell is champion in his event. He was the special mentor of the boys who tried to make the Latin School a leader in athletics and in inter-scholastic competition, forever supervising their activities so that their play did not interfere too much with their standing in the school.

Just as his slogan to the boys of Latin School was, "The top is our goal and the best is our standard," so he has held himself to that criterion. But whether as Room Master or as Head Master or finally as Superintendent of Schools in the oldest school district on this continent, he has always personified the Latin School spirit and the Latin School training. Gentlemen, you may enter any item you wish on the liability side of the Latin School balance sheet and I will enter on the asset side one item which will balance them all, and leave a handsome surplus, too, and that is Patrick T. Campbell. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

Purposely I refrain from dwelling upon my experience in Washington because, first of all, it is difficult to speak with authority after only a brief service. More particularly I refrain because this is not the occasion for a subject unrelated to the joyous task of honoring our grand old school. However, I shall mention two definite impressions gained during my short stay there.

I have been greatly impressed, contrary to the general belief and my own expectations, by the sincere purpose and the earnest endeavors of the vast majority of men in the Congress of the United States, and I have disabused



*Avenue Louis Pasteur Schoolhouse (1922 to date)*





## TERCENTENARY DINNER

my mind of the spectre of constant political interference in the conduct of the Government's business.

Direct first-hand experience shows that these officials appear to great advantage when compared to the average business man I have known in 20 years of business life. Contrary to the general impression, one is astonished by the vast amount of personal effort expended by committee members in the study of legislative matters. You would be surprised at the grasp of problems revealed by the legislators of both houses who become authors of important legislation. They devote themselves to public affairs with a singleness of purpose as regularly as business men attend to their affairs, and with a degree of efficiency in results which few suspect.

It is because of this remarkable aptitude of a great many of our public officials that most revolutionary pieces of administrative legislation, like those creating the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Banking System and the Securities and Exchange Commission have survived the pessimistic forecasts of early critics.

Another impression of mine about Washington is outstanding: The impression made by youth as it greets one on all sides. Justice Brandeis has said that one of the most inspiring things to him about current developments is the increasing importance of the role assumed by young men in the administration of the public business, foreshadowing as it does, a future community of elders whose idealistic youth will have been spent in mastering the difficult art of Government, and it is not only the youth measured by years that characterizes the national capital, but youth in terms of devotion and zeal for a noble cause.

Washington is really a city of aggressive youthfulness. Where one had anticipated antiquated routine and dull-



ness, one finds refreshing originality and imagination. There is vibrant eagerness for the public good and this feeling is quickened by a close contact with the loyalty and the unselfishness of many of our public servants. In the case of the Securities and Exchange Commission, as is the cast of many other governmental agencies, the responsible posts are held by comparatively young men.

The important position of General Counsel to our Commission is held by a young Boston attorney, Judge John J. Burns [APPLAUSE], who brings to his work the experience of attorney and judge, the research of a Harvard Law School professor, and the philosophy of a reasoning student of public opinion. The only "out" about Judge Burns is that he did not prepare for college at the Boston Latin School. [LAUGHTER.]

Unprecedented public financing is handled with a facility and an expedition that would have excited the admiration of the international bankers of 10 years ago, and behind it all and quietly directing the work as a matter of daily routine, is the former Boston banker, rich in Boston tradition, Thomas Jefferson Coolidge. [APPLAUSE.] But whether it is a Burns or a Coolidge, the outstanding impression is always the same, the best brains and intelligence that the youth of the country has produced in recent years is being devoted to the service of the government.

This thought calls to mind the picture of President Roosevelt himself. Start where you will in considering Washington life, inevitably one comes back to the commanding personality in the White House, who personifies youth triumphant in his eager, glad, wholesome philosophy of life and in his original barrier-breaking methods of work. [APPLAUSE.]

As for our own youth, the youth of the Boston Latin

## TERCENTENARY DINNER

School have been endowed with the best preparation that any boys in America are privileged to enjoy. Refined by a philosophy which was best expressed by Mr. Pennypacker, Latin School graduates of all ages are equipped well to take their part in the conquests of life that lie ahead. That philosophy which I leave with you as my parting thought, I quote directly from some of Mr. Pennypacker's talks to the boys.

Referring to the Latin School, he said: "In the atmosphere of this place, no lie can live. There is no such thing as just getting by. Would you eat an egg that just got by? [LAUGHTER.] Let no boy within sound of my voice think of such an excuse. You may deceive others, but you can not deceive the chap who looks out at you every morning from the mirror. Latin School boys ask only a fair field and no favor."

The titles, "The Hub of the Universe" and "The Athens of America", we Bostonians treasure and justly so, because they are symbols of the honored place that our city has occupied in cultivated society. Latin School has played an important role in the attainment by our city to this high position of culture and refinement. Tonight we pause to reflect and to congratulate, on the great heritage we all share.

Thus my friends, in these few remarks I have tried to express my feelings for this great school of ours. It has been a grand privilege for me to come here and rejoice with you on this 300th birthday of our common mother. May our Latin School endure for centuries more, ever steadfast to its noble task of imprinting the mark of character on our youth of the future. Our hope is in them for we are going and they are coming. That is the way of life. Our role is soon to be passive, theirs is to be active.

## BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

"Your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions." [APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. Speaking on that subject, when I meet some of the older graduates they often ask, what kind of boy is the school turning out today? They hear about a good deal of the results the boys are making in the college examinations. They know they are infesting the dean's lists in all the colleges they go to, but they would like to know: what kind of boy from the angle of personality and seriousness of purpose we are sending out from our doors today? And I think the best way to answer them and satisfy them, is to let the president of the graduating class speak for himself and his fellow students. William Liguori Nolan, President of the Class of 1935.

*Mr. William Liguori Nolan*

Mr. Powers, honored guests and fellow members of the Latin School Alumni Association, it is a great privilege for me to be able to say a few words here tonight in behalf of the first group that the Latin School is graduating in its fourth century of existence. It is a great honor for my class mates and myself who still belong to the body militant, to have this pre-view of the body triumphant, to meet those of you who have passed through the crucible and have to prove it, that precious diploma that we hope to gain next June.

As I look about here this evening, I notice that many a friendly visage is represented. Some of you I remember seeing in the halls of the Latin School and wondering if you would leave by the legally accepted route. Others date to a more distant past and no doubt a more glorious one; but gentlemen, the real ancients among you tonight are, of course, my class mates and myself for we alone

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represent the fourth century of the Latin School. We alone represent its full maturity.

And speaking from the centuries of growth, from the ancient institution which we represent, we of the fourth century have but one message to you of the third. Today the Latin School possesses power and vigor and vitality, the power to carry out its purpose in our century as it had in yours, and our message to you is this: That this power will not lessen as the years pass on. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

The TOASTMASTER. Prior to 1929 not many of us had much more than an academic interest in economic laws. We did not have to. Our economic machinery as it speeded up to 40, 50 or 60 miles an hour, ran so smoothly we did not think of it. And then suddenly we were thrown immediately and instantly into a vortex of economic principles of which we knew little except that they were relentless.

We have as one of our speakers tonight an expert. Just after the World War he collaborated with Professor Howard Moulton of the Institute of Economics in Washington in writing the book, "Germany's Capacity to Pay," which was made the basis of the Dawes reparation plan. His services are now sought and his advice, not only by our own government but by those of Europe, as well.

It gives me great pleasure to present to you at this moment a gentleman who, I think it is safe to say, is the foremost international consulting economist of our day, Doctor Constantine Edward McGuire of the Class of 1908. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

*Doctor Constantine Edward McGuire*

Mr. Toastmaster and fellow alumni of the Boston Latin School, one thing that all of us in the Class of 1908 learned was, as you have observed by the example of Mr. Kennedy, to take the precaution of reducing what we had to say to paper in order that an accurate record would be prepared. With no pretense at an oratorical presentation, I have set down the reflections which this anniversary caused me to feel in the course of the last few days.

There are those who hold that when small communities or great nations begin to pay increasing attention to the recurrence of anniversaries, they give evidence of advancing age. The analogy is drawn between the group animated by a common allegiance and the individuals who make it up. Each of us tends, as time passes, to reconstitute a pattern of his or her life and more and more consciously to relate the passing years to that pattern, whether actual or imagined. The anniversaries lengthen the perspective and throw into higher relief the elements of the pattern which self-esteem or idealism tempts us to underscore as evidence of character that is unflinching in its choice of a path through the maze of circumstance. In every life, individual or corporate, the accident of survival tends to strengthen the conviction of a consciously elected purpose, pursued with reasonable consistency through the years.

Let us take this diagnosis as accurate and concede the universal tendency to rationalize the past. Let us go even beyond the point to which this concession takes us and draw from still another characteristic of our day, support for the diagnosis of ripe maturity with all of its attendant illusions and disillusionments. I refer to the effort to recapture the freshness and spontaneity of individual youth, or in the case of the group, of that past which lies beyond



the personal experience of any member of the group and tends to be regarded as its youth.

Historians of human thought and historians of literature alike record this ever-recurring desire to escape from contemporary sophistication into the pastoral simplicity of a golden age. Whether in Hellenistic Alexandria or during the height of Byzantine culture and refinement or in the France of Louis XIV and Louis XV, or in the literary workshops of our country and our day, this yearning for the uncomplicated life, the simple life, the artless and yet purposeful life has been an inevitable manifestation of the end of a cycle. So, too, the exuberance of an age of specialization and exploitation, of enthusiastic pursuit of analysis wherever it will take the mind, imperceptibly gives way to a weariness with the intricacy of it all and an earnest interest in synthesis and interpretation of the whole framework of life and thought.

The physical and social sciences alike and their applications in law and politics, in medicine, in physics and in astronomy, furnish numerous examples of this basic change of focus during, let us say, the last two decades. The reformulation of the common law and the revival of interest in the history of legal thought and legal process have more and more replaced the work of the analytical jurist as the chief preoccupation of the men of law. The constitutional approach in medicine once again moves up from the doubtful status of the formula of isolated groups, here and there, into its historic position as the sublimation of all the specializations in that field.

If one compares the programs of the annual gatherings of our learned societies in the last few years with those of several decades ago, he is impressed by the emphasis today upon synthesis, classification and the interpretation of facts, phenomena and thought, in vivid contrast with the

ascertainment and establishment of the facts themselves. All of which, as I said before, strengthens the view that there is a great deal, however it is to be explained, in the notion of the maturity—even its later stages—of groups and communities and nations that turn back to remote beginnings, and seek fresh encouragement or consolation from their contemplation.

But if this be conceded, the question may arise whether anniversaries have any significance, whether survival lends any genuine strength to us in our instinctive search for a principle refining past achievement into future aspiration. That we are more conscious than those who may have noted the second centenary of the Public Latin School, of an identity between the past and the future, is probably due to an anxiety, little short of apprehension, lest we may not much longer retain the power to choose individually the sanctions we shall serve.

We are conscious of being merged into class personalities rather than moving further along the stony path to the achievement of an individual personality, the attainment of him who, in the words of the poet:

“ . . . To his native center fast,  
 Shall into future fuse the past,  
 And the world's flowing fates in his own mold recast.”

Much of the restlessness, the inarticulate and almost irrational protest in the world of art and letters in the last few decades has had its roots in this fear that personality was destined to go into solution in a mechanized world and literally disappear. The poet and the artist are sentinels of spiritual freedom, who sense the distant approach of the storm and the flood, and if they write of the man who has a set of convictions resting on the solid fulcrum of a noble tradition linked to a noble aspiration, they inter-

pret the feeling of their less expressive contemporaries, a feeling of anchorless drifting on uncharted waters.

Never are we so conscious of the value of principle as when we feel that we have lost it. The more we emphasize the necessity for safeguarding the things that make possible at all the achievement of personality, the greater the likelihood that we perceive them escaping us. Then we return to the past with fervor and with hope.

In other words, do we always read in the institutions we have inherited a greater significance than would be warranted if we could appraise correctly the circumstances in which they began? Or are there times when we so feel the need of a firm bulwark of authoritative sanction that we brace our shoulders, as it were, against the stout framework of an inspiring tradition while, at other times, certain of our grasp of the principle of progress, we proclaim our emancipation from the past?

Is there fixity of purpose in institutions, or do they merely serve for such connotation as we elect from time to time to ascribe to them? Does the Public Latin School of 1935 represent any set of purposes at all identifiable with those of the school set up in 1635? Is it mere survivorship that we commemorate, or does the school mean today to us who were trained or are being trained in its care, something definitely established in its earliest days and steadily reinforced by successive generations of teachers and students?

The answers to these questions will bring out about as well as any approach that I know, the essential idea of any school in any state dedicated to the preservation of political liberty and economic freedom. If we try to reconstruct the world upon which they could look out who set up the school in 1635, and then contrast that picture with what their remote successors—those in charge of the school



in this year of 1935—may observe as they look about, we are likely to think at first that no two pictures could be more dissimilar.

Today an earthquake on the other side of the planet is discussed a few hours after it has occurred, as part of the day's news in Boston; whereas that epoch-making event in the Thirty Years' War, the murder of Wallenstein, which took place in October, 1634, doubtless had been known but relatively few months in Boston, that is, by the early spring of 1635. Everything is crowded in upon our consciousness that can be indiscriminately gathered up and thrust before us. The physical structure of radiation itself has been turned to the service of communication of ideas and images over much of the earth.

The small population of Boston three centuries ago had to be content with far less numerous reports of what was going on in the world and reports necessarily slow in reaching them. Yet the very lapse of time was not without its value. It enabled correction of initial exaggeration to cancel out much of what might have been pushed before them if that population had had to put up with what we can not escape.

In many other respects too the contrast between the world as the school could see it in 1635 differed from the world which the school can see today. The city in which the school had been set up was a small community, one of a slender ribbon of settlements along one seaboard of a great and little known continent. People of other speech and customs had possession of more pretentious stretches of territory to the west and to the north, and the ships of the mightiest empire western Europe had known in more than half a millennium had been, for four generations, plowing back and forth across the South Atlantic. Later in 1635 not inconceivably, some one in Boston may have

heard of the solemn observance of the first centenary of the establishment of Lima in 1535.

In Europe, some of the worst devastation of the struggle which began in 1618 had been perpetrated, but that sanguinary and involved contest over the leadership of central Europe had been brought no nearer settlement by the tragic blotting out, within but a few years of each other, of the two foremost protagonists in the military field, Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein. Another dozen years of impoverishment and of barbarism were destined to glide by before the specter of Hapsburg domination could be safely forgotten by French statesmen and central Europe could begin the painful task of repairing insofar as it could repair, the damage wrought by a generation of the most savage warfare.

In England, Charles I was imposing new taxes with no outward sign of solicitude over the growing restlessness of elements in the population whose inherited prejudices against, and suspicions of the Stuarts were now sharply aggravated by material grievances. The spectacle of the Civil War, the Regicides and the death of Charles, the Commonwealth and the Restoration, which were all destined to pass before the eyes of the Bostonians of 1635 who had still a quarter century of life allotted to them, could surely not have been suspected by them in all its pathos and terror; yet the tone of contemporary controversy expressed in strange medleys of exalted language and coarse vituperation warn us that violence was in the air and that the men and women of that day knew it.

In the incidentals of life, ours is a different world. The strip of seaboard has become one of the great nations of the world. The city of the school is now the heart of perhaps the third or the fourth metropolitan agglomeration in the Western Hemisphere. Its population, not un-



like their predecessors of three centuries ago, sincerely believe that in the empire of culture, merit alone determines which is the metropolis and what is provincial. And the city looks out upon a world still bleeding from a struggle as barbarous as that of 1618 to 1648, a struggle again to determine the hegemony of Europe.

The England of 1635 has become a vast federation of states in 1935, one of which and perhaps the most important of which, India, is necessarily affected by the swift emergence of Asia as the theatre of the most profoundly important events of the rest of the century. Is the future of Asia and then that of Europe to be determined by the establishment of a condominium between the two great Asiatic states, Russia and Japan, or by a struggle between them in which various European states may take part? Are we drawing near the eve of the system of national states, as the world has known them since the end of antiquity, simply because of their inability to work out the adjustment of sovereignty with equality?

The ancient world saw the break down of the system based upon the domination of one city over a world state consisting of an inorganic agglutination of municipalities. Will our century be one of those to witness the decomposition of territorial and racial states from which, at some remote day, there may emerge a new form of political and economic organization of the human race?

In 1635 the struggles of national states were beginning to spread beyond the continent of Europe. A century later their effects were felt in every continent and we now find the whole world affected by such local rivalries as the Balkan Wars and the war between Paraguay and Bolivia. Three centuries of progress in transportation and communication and in other applications of mechanical power to the intensification of economic production have not given us much to be proud of in the matter of

international sanctions or with respect to the value of mankind as contrasted with that of the instrumentalities which mankind has developed for its own government.

For if we were to regard 1935 as a vantage point from which to look back three centuries and then ahead for the same length, I fear that we would have little cause for satisfaction at the prospect for man's valuation of mankind. In 1635, the western world was in the early dawn of a period of extraordinary progress in one respect, that of freedom of contract. The ancient world has slowly and painfully worked out the process whereby a philosophical and moral basis could be found for the principle of freedom of the individual to enter into engagements that were binding upon him.

Probably nothing contributed so much to prolong the existence of the Roman state as its development of equitable concepts and the tolerant and sagacious encouragement of freedom of contract. Subject peoples put up with everything else because of the power and the majesty of the Roman law. But the Roman state slowly began to fail under the strain of its effort to classify and manage the diverse populations of the world, and particularly its sincere desire to prevent those on the margin of society from sliding over the edge. Solicitude for the distress of classes deprived of former sources of income has put an end to almost as many states in the history of mankind as either military conquest or the slow desiccation of under-population.

In the latter centuries of the Roman Empire, freedom of contract became a fiction because freedom of enterprise had been rendered impossible through the well-intentioned interventionism of the state. As freedom of contract slowly disappeared, human status reappeared as the determinant of human economic activity. Men

were not free to emerge from the conditions imposed upon the class into which a multitude of complex factors had respectively placed them, and those conditions were reinforced by the sanction of the law.

No less than a thousand years had to pass before the regime of status began to fall apart, and the return of freedom of contract could be here and there discerned. The 19th century was perhaps the most extraordinary and prolonged period of freedom of contract that history so far records. The end of that century, which we may virtually fix as 1914, saw the abrupt termination of both freedom of enterprise and freedom of contract. After the World War we had the illusion of their revival, but confidence in the dependability of engagements both public and private, was irreparably shaken and even though feverish activity could be and was caused by short-sighted public policy, the saturation point of insolvency was reached now in one country, and now in another.

The counsels of desperation everywhere in process of effectuation in the last few years all proceed upon the principle of intervention by the state along the lines of classification and regulation of the population. Representative machinery is cast aside as unsuited to deal with crises; authoritative centralization takes its place. Freedom of contract is everywhere disappearing. Outside of France, Holland, Scandinavia and a few other countries in Europe, the regime of government resting upon status and economic functions adjusted to the gradations of status, is everywhere being introduced. Few indeed are the governments which now rest upon the sanction of confidence and which have, as their primary objective, the maximum degree of individual freedom of enterprise. Before our own eyes, the transition to the other class, namely of governments resting frankly upon the sanction



of force, and having as their sole objective security, is being effected everywhere.

And is it a more tolerant and enlightened world upon which this school looks out in 1935 than that known to the men of strong convictions who set it on foot? Three centuries of the national state seem to be culminating in extreme delirium, national self-sufficiency, stratification and state intervention in the economic order, and in national regimentation in the moral and spiritual order. Not merely Christian thought and ethics but the basic concepts of monotheistic religion as the western world has known them, are being challenged by those in control of great states that have been in turmoil, physical and spiritual, for two score years.

As we survey the scene at home, is the consolation noteworthy? How much of a commentary is it upon our progress since 1635 that the largest special groups among the periodical publications sold at newsstands in this country include at the top of the list the motion picture press and the half dozen magazines of nationwide circulation devoted to astrology?

Nations governed by absolute rulers or by special classes must recruit their officialdom with care and cultivate virtues of efficiency and obedience. Discipline is indispensable to them. But they can dispense with the elite of intellect and conviction. Nations which essay to live under the sanction of confidence, that is to say, upon the democratic principle, and with effective and equitable administration of the law after its thoughtful formulation in the light of a wise balance of individual and corporate interests,—such nations, I believe, have a far greater need for the development of an intellectual and a moral elite.

It is a fair characterization of the New England colonies of the early 17th century to say that, with all their loyalty

to the principles of individual liberty and to the democratic machinery of government, that they were firm believers in a theory of the elite. It may have had a theocratic flavor but it was unmistakably a theory of the elite. And upon that theory this school was founded, intended to train men who could face responsibility in the light of an inherited tradition and in the faith of a realizable ideal.

In 1935 the school, whether as *prima scholarum* or as *prima inter pares*, has a far more difficult task to develop an intellectual and moral elite than it had in its early days, no matter how much greater its material resources, or how excellent its corps of instructors. It has today to fight against the accumulated pathological tendencies, public and private, of a world no longer sure of any of its sanctions and concerned only for security both individual and general; no longer thinking of ideals but of holding what has been wrested from nature and even from time. The need of an elite is clearly destined to become greater as time goes on especially if the United States is to remain a nation that is dedicated to the democratic principle, effectuated through a system of representative government.

Forbidding though the prospect may seem it is absolutely imperative that the Boston Latin School take every possible step to satisfy that need of an elite. If that be its conscious purpose it will remain in a position surely no less honorable than it occupies today, for many fruitful years to come. [APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. The next speaker is a musician of distinction. Back in the middle seventies, though a boy of good purpose and of good parts, he entered the English High School, graduating from that institution in 1879. During his years there—believe it or not—he ac-



1635 IB IE S 1935

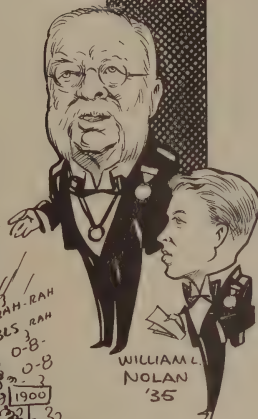
GOV.  
JAMES M.  
CURLEY



PATRICK T.  
CAMPBELL '89  
*Supt. of Schools  
and Pres. of  
the Alumni  
Association*



HENRY M.  
ROGERS ESQ.  
'58  
*Oldest living  
graduate*



Headmaster  
JOSEPH L.  
POWERS '96



WILLIAM  
NOLAN  
'35

JOSEPH P.  
KENNEDY '08  
Washington

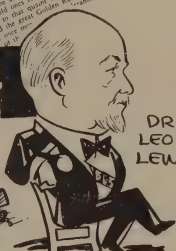


WASHINGTON

**PALS OF THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL**

There are my pals of the little red school,  
 like Jimmy and Jane,  
 and new pals may go,  
 and ones remain  
 quizzing little shack  
 Golden Rule.  
 --Lambert

AND  
THE BALCONY  
WAS FILLED  
TOO!



DR.  
LEO R.  
LEWIS '83

SAMUEL SILVERMAN '11  
Chairman



LEE J.  
DUNN '24  
Secretary of  
Tercentenary  
Comm. L. &



MUSIC b.  
by Linet

KRIG

*Banquet Cartoon*  
(Courtesy Boston Globe)



## TERCENTENARY DINNER

quired a desire for learning. [LAUGHTER.] He heard probably that some such activity was going on in the other half of the building, so as soon as he graduated from the English High, he crossed over to the other half and enrolled in the Latin School, started da capo, and graduated from the Latin School in 1883.

He had a good deal to live down and forget, of course, but he turned out all right in the end. I present him now as one who saw the light before it was too late, Professor Leo Rich Lewis, Head of the Music Department of Tufts College, of the Class of 1883. [APPLAUSE.]

### *Professor Leo Rich Lewis*

Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I beg to remark in the first place, noticing that it nears 11 (an hour when we get to bed at our college), that I do not propose to keep you listening to me long. I have a considerable respect for those who are to follow me, and I know you are going to get a gem from at least one of them.

I have made several speeches in preparation for this event [LAUGHTER], but I am not going to make any of them. I am going on the principle that it is desirable, on an occasion like this, to judge what we are talking about by its effect; and I shall offer a couple of examples of the effect of the Boston Latin School in ways I wasn't expecting.

In the year 1887 having graduated from Tufts College I applied for admission to the Graduate Department of Harvard. Oh, by the way, I might say that I am an example of a person who took in all the schools that were situated in the city of Boston up to that time, grammar school, high school and Latin School, so that I am Exhibit A, you might say, in that respect; or perhaps I am Exhibit B, if Mr. Rogers is Exhibit A. [LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE.]

But any way when I got through Tufts College in 1887, I thought I would go over to Harvard and pick up a couple of degrees, just so as not to be odd; for in my day anybody who did not go to Harvard from Boston was really nobody, or at any rate his character was in question. [LAUGHTER.] I went over to the office of Dean Adams Sherman Hill, fondly and disrespectfully known as A.S.S. Hill in those days [LAUGHTER], and I found him wearing a rather highly developed "Who the hell are you" attitude [LAUGHTER] on that particular morning. I did not seem to have any effect on him except to intensify his attitude [LAUGHTER]. We talked for a little while, — that is, *I* talked, while a few more or less grunts came from him, about the particulars of my entering the Graduate School. It somehow happened that I mentioned the fact that I had studied at the Boston Latin School, and had taken the Harvard preliminaries and finals along with the rest in 1882 and 1883.

"Oh," he said, "Oh," and he almost leaped to a wall-case, picked out a book, slapped it open to a certain page. His attitude toward me entirely changed. I was a Latin School boy, and was trying to get into the Graduate Department of Harvard College. And that was an entirely different story. [APPLAUSE, LAUGHTER.]

So that was that. I had my couple of years there as expected and had a rather pleasant time and later passed on to something else again.

The other case of the effect of the Boston Latin School training was quite different. You may remember that my contemporary, Ed. Nichols, one of Harvard's star pitchers, became a famous surgeon and led the first Harvard group that went across at the time of the World War. After he returned and was again practising, I happened to run across him in the smoking-room of a Boston theatre.



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There were the usual "Hellos" and a chat about this and that. He became silent for a moment and then said: "Lewis, do you know the teaching that I have most used in the practice of my profession?" I countered with, "I think I know the answer, but I'll let you give it." He said, "It was Arthur Fiske's teaching of Greek that I have most used in the practice of surgery. It taught me to think straight."

That is all I ought to say this evening, in view of the lateness of the hour. In the first case, there is definite evidence of the result of Boston Latin School teaching on a college official who knew what he was talking about. In the second, we have the testimony of a professional man, the kind of testimony many could give, but only a few might give in the same striking way. My impression however is that, if we think it over, we shall find that the teaching which perhaps has been of the most service to us in our profession, even though it may be far removed from the domain in which the teaching was given, has been instruction by some teacher of character and of faith. Who can estimate the number of those who may have been profoundly influenced, throughout their whole life, in thought and in action, by such a man? And few there be who can equal Arthur Fiske in that respect. [APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. Gentlemen, there is just one more speaker from whom we shall get a real message, but before I call on him there are three announcements that are to be made. First the Class of 1931—I will not read their letter—wishes me to state that they are presenting the sum of \$25 toward the Henry Pennypacker Scholarship. [APPLAUSE.]

The Class of 1898, as most of you know, maintain a scholarship to be given to the boy who has made the best

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record in the college board examination in the current year. There is an announcement to be made by a representative of that class with respect to that scholarship.

MR. EDWARD FRANCIS O'DOWD. Mr. Chairman, distinguished guests, and men of the Boston Latin School, in behalf of the members—living and dead—of the Class of 1898, our class treasurer, Doctor Robert M. Green, has an important statement to make which is commemorative of this occasion. Doctor Green. [APPLAUSE.]

### *Doctor Robert Montraville Green*

Mr. Powers, distinguished guests and fellow alumni of the Latin School, it is a very pleasant duty which I have to perform to tell you the story briefly that 37 years ago, when my class was ready to leave the school, we resolved to raise a sum of money to give to the school to establish the prize you all know about. It looked to us like a large sum at the time, and it took 25 years to raise the first half, but the first 25 years are the hardest [LAUGHTER] and we are happy to say that in the 12 years that have followed since then, we have completed the sum.

I take great pleasure in placing in your hands, Mr. President, this bank book in which is listed the figures of the sum of money that we have now completed, and to present it with the gratitude and appreciation of the Class of 1898 for what the Latin School did for them, and the wish to transmit to the future what we have received from the school. The credit for this belongs not to me who have the pleasure and the honor of making the gift, but to the fellows who gave the money. [APPLAUSE; CHEERS.]

MR. POWERS. I will not take any more time than to say, "Thank you" through Doctor Green to the members of the Class of 1898, in the name of the Association. And

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now the Class of 1925 wish to make an announcement with respect to a picture of Alaric Stone which they wish to present to the school. [APPLAUSE.]

MR. HARTNETT. Mr. Chairman it is my privilege and honor to present to you on behalf of the Class of 1925, with the hope that it may find a place in the school building, this picture of Alaric Stone who was a teacher for many years in the Latin School and retired the year we graduated in, and who died this year. [APPLAUSE.]

THE TOASTMASTER. I thank the Class of 1925 for this excellent likeness of Mr. Stone. I assure you it will be treasured among several items of his belongings, things relating to him, that the school now has in her possession.

Now another announcement. (*Reads.*)

"Class of 1903 gift. Given by the Class of 1903, Boston Public Latin School, in memory of Head Master Moses Merrill whose ever kind, patient and gracious understanding of the boy shaped our minds and character to his own mould and sent us forth true Latin School boys.

"To that member of the graduating class who has, in the opinion of his masters or by his excellence in studies, his capacity for leadership and, above all, his possession of those same lovable qualities of character, shown himself to be truly a Latin School boy, this award is given."

And there is a fund of \$300 which is pledged to the school for the maintenance of this prize. [APPLAUSE.]

Now without going into any extended introduction, I am going to call on a gentleman at this time, who, like the economist, has also dealt with questions of supply and demand, of security and loss and gain, but concepts, to him, that are measured by a different standard from that of the economist and that depend in no way upon the

price of gold. Let me present the Right Reverend Herman Page, Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Michigan; Doctor Page of the Class of 1884. [APPLAUSE.]

*Right Reverend Herman Page*

Mr. Chairman and fellow members of the Boston Latin School Alumni Association, I was one of those who was fortunate enough to attend the 250th anniversary of the founding of the school and I was present in the drill hall of the Warren Street School, then a relatively new school house to me and I heard the very notable and very great oration on that occasion delivered by my friend and leader, Phillips Brooks, of whom you have heard so much earlier in the evening.

If you want a history of the life of the school I cordially recommend to you his book of "Essays and Orations" in which you may read that address delivered 50 years ago. At the end of it he ventured to make three prophecies, of which I wish to speak this evening.

One prophecy that he made was that in the years to come the school would continue to be a city school and hold up the great democratic standard of every kind of boy receiving an education at the hands of the state. Of course that is the great principle of which we are all so proud and in which we glory. We have been reassured, and I have been reassured, as one who has lived across the country, because wherever I have gone through the great cities and the little hamlets in the west containing rather miscellaneous buildings, I have seen the great public schools and always the high schools, and I have felt that here was something which grew out of the school to which I belonged.

It was significant to hear the statement this afternoon that even since 1880, as I remember, the number of high



school students had increased from something like 200,000 to 5,000,000. And yet right here lies a very great problem and as I think of the ideals and the dreams and the prophecies given to us in that way, I can not but wonder how far they have come to pass that recently in the Harvard Club in Chicago—I believe it was a year ago last winter—Mr. Walter Lippmann said very wisely that the dominant ideal of our American education was personal success. Personal success!

I have seen enough of the young men in various parts of the country who have been educated at these great high schools, to wonder whether he is not dominantly right. Today there is so much talk of their rights and privileges, they strike for their rights even in the schools. When one thinks in these terms of 5,000,000 boys and girls being turned out of our schools, it is not an optimistic note, and it does not bode well for the future in my opinion.

In that notable address by Mr. Lippmann called "The New Type of Freedom,"—I do not know that I have the exact title of it, but at any rate a new mode of freedom, he brings out the fact, too, that the large growth and the large amounts of the raids made on the treasury of this country, if somehow they are not stopped, bode ruin to the nation.

Therefore I leave it for you to think upon, whether this great system of public education, of democratic education which we have built up and which seemed to promise the highest and the finest security to people of the highest sense of responsibility, is doing the very thing that we dreamed of it as doing.

The second thought or prophecy made by Phillips Brooks was this: That during the coming generation this old school of ours would still continue to stand for the principle that all personal education shall be based on

a broad, liberal edifice of culture. I do not think I need to emphasize the thought that was brought out here in that letter that George Santayana wrote. It is wise for us to read that letter over and ponder it.

It has impressed me with many men that I have met in the business world that it is hard for the majority of them to think other than in terms of the present moment. There has been no past and there is no future ahead; there is just what there is today. I remember the head of the Harvard Engineering School saying at a meeting of the Detroit River Club that even with the highly trained men coming out of the Harvard Engineering School, there were not over three out of 100 that could really think. I knew what he meant by that. They were not taught to think.

From my study window I look out at the bridge over the Detroit River. There is a tunnel under the river that is of the latest type of construction, and yet the people have done everything they can to prevent traffic over that bridge and under the tunnel into Canada by regulation, everything to prevent hundreds of people going back and forth. There is not that link of patriotism. I do not think I need to dwell more on that thought except perhaps to say that our school in its curriculum, as Santayana has pointed out, stands for the broadly Latin side of human knowledge.

The last thing prophesied by Phillips Brooks was that this old school would do the very thing it has done tonight, that it would bear witness that knowledge was of prime importance, that it would stand for certain things that would return; that it would stand for the fact that certain success in public and private office was dependent on such things as truth and courage and manliness and fidelity.

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It has been a pleasant thing to be here tonight and see the same note sounded. I went up to the old school, which is the new school of today, and I got the catalog, and when I looked it over I saw the names representing the kind of boys that are to be the future citizens of this city and this Commonwealth and of this nation, and I realized that there were 2,300 of them there that were preparing to come to quits with life with the same old classical training of Latin and Greek and mathematics, not very much changed from what it was 50 years ago.

It was good to think of and I had a new thrill of pride and gratitude and hope for this generation, that here was this splendid band of boys—for they looked like little ones to me as I saw them in the class rooms—that were facing life with the same determination to master those eventualities in the future which other Latin School boys had mastered in the past, and I thought that out of them would come something that would mean for them the larger life.

It was a joy again to stand in the presence of that statute carrying the shield with the 51 names of those Latin School boys who died in the Civil War, an eternal tribute to the fact that the school is still holding aloft that flag and teaching the same love of country and patriotism. And after all on that we rise and stand, do we not?

I think of the changes that have come in education, the new fashions that are coming into vogue today there the same as everywhere else. It all means more knowledge and we do not need so much knowledge. I thought as I heard President Lowell today speak of the old system of instruction, Well, the new system is a different way of gaining knowledge, but it is not more knowledge that

we need some times. We have got more knowledge now than we quite know what to do with.

Not that I would have it stopped. By no means. It is foolish to talk about putting back the hands of progress. But certainly the problems of life today require character for one thing, and that is something we perhaps have not studied much. As one of my great friends and associates said, "Ever since the Reformation we have taken the Christian truth and we have taken the Christian character for granted, as if here were a field that we could take for granted;" and it is right here at our finger tips.

Our failures today are not primarily economic but moral failures. It is the educated nation of the world, the most highly polished nations with their music and art, like Germany and France and Russia and England and America that have had the most tremendous boom and done the things that brought on the most terrible depression in history, from which we are now suffering.

God be praised, our school will go on and hold up the flag, not only here but throughout the nations of the world, for the Latin School is based on character, without which we are all as nothing. We see how these things inevitably fit in and are interwoven inextricably with that concept of knowledge which was fundamental in the minds of our forefathers who founded the school.

Well, can we have it without God? Any of us? Like the forefathers of old who founded this school, I think not. And in closing let me say that it is a new stimulus, it is a source of great inspiration and of joy to me to come from afar and to be with you here tonight. [APPLAUSE, CHEERS.]

The TOASTMASTER. Gentlemen, Mr. Mullen asked me to withhold his name from the list of speakers because



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of the lateness of the hour. Before I say anything further about that, the Class of 1905 wish us to listen to them singing their class song. Shall we do it? [APPLAUSE.]

*Mr. George Leon Atkins*

Mr. Chairman and fellow alumni, the Class of 1905 which came out of the Latin School 30 years ago, sang a song at their graduating exercises and the song was composed by a member of our class, Doctor Samuel Mitchell Alter who has come here today from Los Angeles, California, and this song has been sung at all of our reunions.

Now the theme that I want to talk about—and on which I will be very brief—is what we heard Doctor Campbell say a few minutes ago, “The Boys of the Latin School.” That is what we call the song. As I say we have sung it at all of our reunions. We all knew the words when it was originally sung at those graduation exercises in 1905, of course. There were then two verses to the song, besides the chorus, but during the intervening years the music has been lost and none of us know all the verses. We do know the music, of course, every one of us, and that music has gone along with us through all these years that have intervened, through thick and thin, you might say. It has cheered us up when we felt blue, and the spirit of it, musically speaking, is typical throughout of the Boston Latin School.

We would have had to insist on singing it for you, but our numbers are so thin now that it will not be possible to tonight. However, I have endeavored to put that song, musically, into manuscript form so that the music will not be lost. It would be too bad if this class were to pass on and such an historic thing as a class song should be lost; so what we have remembered of the song I have

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put down on paper and I wish to present to our Head Master this manuscript to put into the archives of the school. [APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. Thank you and through you thanks to the Class of 1905.

Mr. ATKINS. Also the words, the significance of which are: (*Reads.*)

"The Class of 1905.  
We are, we are the boys of 1905.  
A cheery lot are we.  
The benefits we now derive  
Shall ne'er forgotten be.  
And if in life we meet once more  
All hail, the B. L. S.  
All hail, the boys of 1905."

We can not sing it for you, as I said, because there are so few of us over there at our table, but I have changed the words to read, instead of "1905," I have inserted "Latin School." So that it begins, "We are, we are the boys of Latin School." And so that the music may go down through the ages as a school song, I also present that to Mr. Powers to put in the archives, and I would like also to present a copy to Doctor Campbell, who is an honorary member of the Class of 1905.

I do not know. Perhaps he is an honorary member of every class. Perhaps he is. I hope he is. But he is certainly a member, an honorary member of the Class of 1905, and for the purpose of showing our good will I want to present him with this personal copy. [APPLAUSE.]

The TOASTMASTER. I thank you all. And now gentlemen, I am going to ask Mr. Mullen to rise. Mr.

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Mullen, who entered the Latin School as a teacher 50 years ago, dropping out in 1893 to follow the study of law. I will ask Mr. Mullen to rise now and at least say, "Good night" to us. [APPLAUSE, CHEERS.]

*Mr. Thomas Aloysius Mullen*

May I say one word? I will take 15 seconds of your time. It is written in Sacred Writ, "A little child shall lead them." I got a few tips from the captain of the Class of 1935. I invite you in the time of the Reincarnation, in the year 2035, if you are disappointed in not hearing an oration from me tonight, to come in that year, 2035, and I will give you all the oratory that the preparation of 100 years can furnish. [APPLAUSE, LAUGHTER, CHEERS.]

The TOASTMASTER. That brings us to the end of our program except for one particular. I do not know whether we have any person to lead us, but I think we ought to stand up anyhow and sing the first and last stanzas of a Latin School song written in 1829,—“My Country, 'Tis of Thee.” [APPLAUSE.]

[Singing of “America” by the company.]

The TOASTMASTER. Good night, and God bless you all.

[End of exercises.]



















